

# THE GRAPHIC

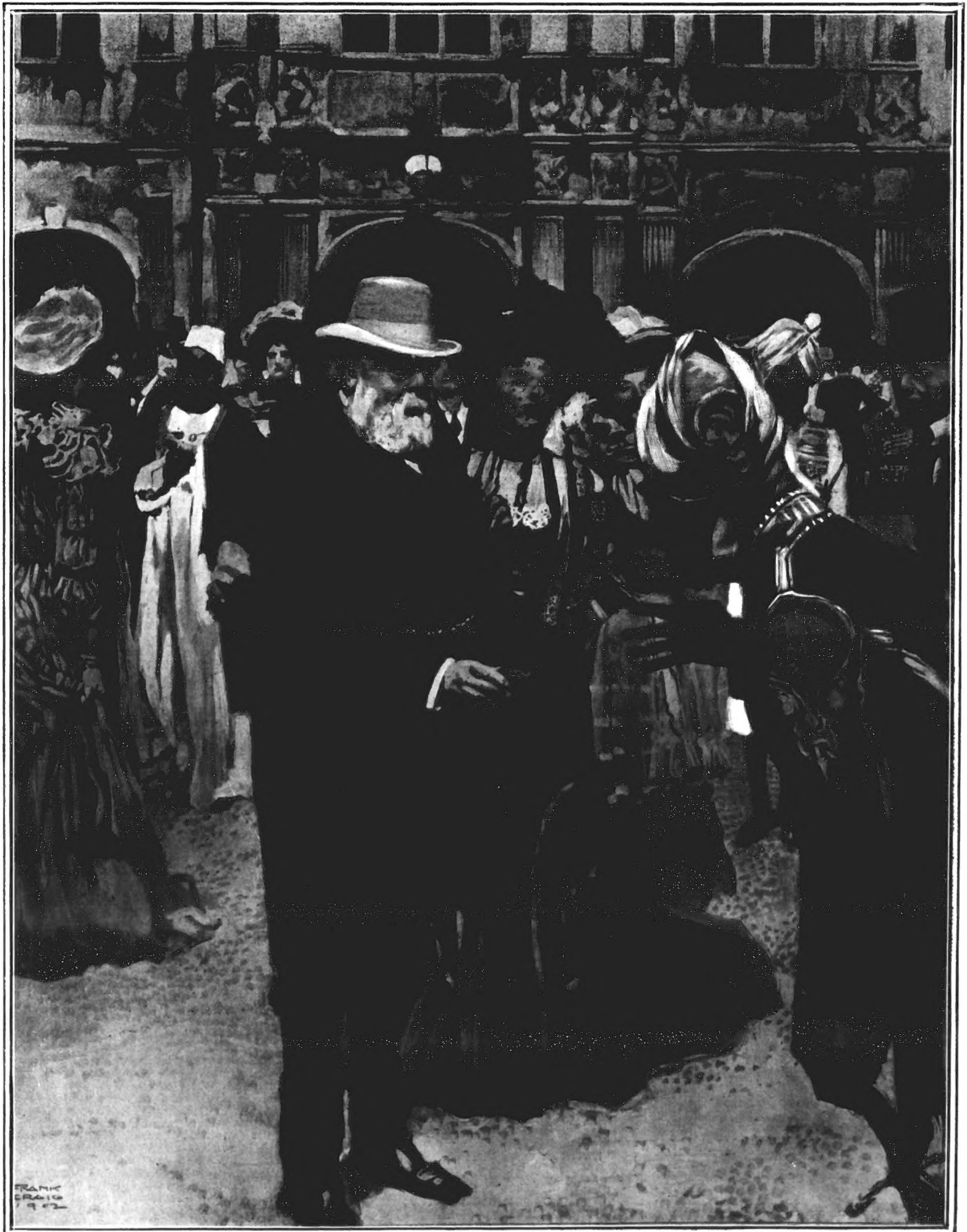
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENTS:  
"Portrait of an Old Woman,"  
"An Aristocrat," and "Summer"

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Hatfield House and its beautiful grounds presented a picturesque scene last Saturday, when a brilliant company assembled in response to the ex-Premier's invitation. The guests were received by Lord Salisbury and Lady Gwendoline Cecil, and among those present were Raja Pertab Singh, the Maharajahs of Jaipur, Bikanir, Cooch Behar and a number of other distinguished Indians, the Chinese, Japanese and Turkish Ministers, King Lewanika, Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy, Lord George Hamilton, Sir

William Vernon Harcourt, Lord Charles Beresford, Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft, Sir William Richmond, Sir L. Alma-Tadema, Lord and Lady Tweedmouth, Lord and Lady Kelvin, and a large attendance of the members of the foreign Embassies and Legations and distinguished foreigners, while society, art and letters were well represented in a gathering which seemed to include all the most distinguished men and women of the day.

THE GARDEN PARTY AT HATFIELD HOUSE: LORD SALISBURY RECEIVING INDIAN PRINCES

DRAWN BY FRANK CRAIG

## Topics of the Week

**Britain and Italy** DESPITE the reassuring tone of Lord Lansdowne's speech last week, there is an uneasy feeling abroad that our relations with Italy have lately undergone some change.

This feeling has been strengthened by a careful scrutiny of the language used by the Foreign Secretary, and also by the comments on his speech which have appeared in the Italian Press. Until quite recently the main diplomatic link between the two Powers was a naval understanding negotiated in 1887, which virtually provided for the preservation of the *status quo* in the Mediterranean by their united military and diplomatic action. The importance of this understanding scarcely needs emphasising. It not only protected Italy from a naval attack by a third Power, and assured her against a surprise similar to that which befell her in 1881, when the French invaded Tunis, but it also provided against a local hegemony of the Mediterranean, which at a critical moment might have endangered its access to Powers whose bases lie outside its shores. British interests in Morocco were safeguarded, Italian interests in Tripoli and Albania were protected, and the danger of the Mediterranean becoming a Franco-Russian lake was effectually exorcised. Is this understanding still in force? This is the question which is being debated by both the Italian and British Press. The doubts on the subject have been suggested by the Franco-Italian understanding negotiated shortly after the Toulon festivities of last year. The accounts of this compact, so far made public, seem to indicate that Italy has deserted the *status quo* in favour of an arrangement with France, by which she acquires a free hand in Tripoli, the while her ally is permitted to do as she pleases in Morocco without any fear of Italian opposition. If this account of the new understanding is true—and it must be remembered that it has received the sanction of M. Delcassé himself—then there can be no question that the Anglo-Italian arrangement is at an end. Public misgivings on this point have been strengthened by the guarded references made to it by Lord Lansdowne. The Foreign Secretary was apparently unable to state categorically that the understanding of 1887 remained intact. He contented himself with affirming Great Britain's fidelity to it, but at the same time he avoided any assurance that Italy was equally respectful of her obligations. It is significant, too, that although Lord Lansdowne's speech was couched in the most friendly terms to Italy, his declaration that Great Britain still held firmly to the doctrine of the *status quo* in the Mediterranean has been received with a storm of indignant protest in Italy, where it is held to menace the fulfilment of Italian aspirations in Tripoli. All this seems to justify the impression that Italian policy has undergone a transformation, and one which is extremely prejudicial to the stability of the situation in the Mediterranean. It is to be hoped, however, that her position will not be allowed to remain long in doubt. If the 1887 Agreement is at an end no time should be lost in establishing the fact. If, on the other hand, nothing has happened to weaken its force, there can be no reason why Italy should not formally notify the Foreign Office of her continued adherence to it.

**Mr. Balfour's Ministry** IT is still early to speculate on the prospects of Mr. Balfour's Ministry, but so far the signs are extremely favourable. Before Lord Salisbury resigned everybody predicted that his retirement would be followed by a break up of the Ministry. Nothing of the sort has happened. Mr. Balfour's strongest colleague is working heartily and loyally with him, and from no other quarter is there any sign of disagreement. The resignation of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach was at first looked upon as an indication of friction within the Ministry, but his own explanation disposes of that theory. Sir Michael has long been anxious to retire, and a change in the head of the Government forms a natural opportunity for him to go. But in order to deprive his resignation of even the appearance of want of confidence in Mr. Balfour, the Chancellor of the Exchequer has postponed his going until the present stage of the Session is over. In the same way the resignation of Lord Cadogan is obviously a personal matter without political significance. The rest of Mr. Balfour's colleagues are willing to serve under him as long as their services may be required. There is no reason, therefore, to anticipate any internal difficulties for the new Ministry. The external position is almost equally good. The Liberals, it is true, have gained ground latterly, but they are still disunited among themselves, and still incapable of making any serious attack upon the Government. Probably the greatest of Mr. Balfour's immediate difficulties is due to the Education

Bill, which excites the bitterness of religious partisanship. Any Minister touching this question is bound to burn his fingers. There is, in fact, just a possibility of serious political complications in connection with this Bill when Parliament meets again in the autumn; but if the danger can be avoided there seems no reason why the Balfour Ministry should not enjoy a comparatively quiet and fairly prolonged life. Happily, as the Prime Minister pointed out last week, foreign affairs have assumed a much less threatening aspect since the war came to an end, and it may be that the country is about to enjoy a period of quiescence both at home and abroad.

**The Discharged Auxiliaries** THE appearance in the streets of such increased numbers of sun-burnt campaigners fresh from South Africa should serve to remind the nation of the deep debt it owes to these gallant men. It is unnecessary to labour that theme; even school children know that but for the assistance rendered to the Regulars by the Volunteers and Imperial Yeomanry, the war would still be lingering on, with little chance of a quick ending. But it may not be unnecessary to again urge all employers of labour, from the State downwards, to repay the obligation so far as lies in their power, by furnishing the more necessitous of these ex-soldiers with work of, if possible, a permanent character. Among those whom one meets in the streets many have anxiety stamped on their bronzed faces, as if worried by misgiving as to their future means of living. No doubt, the several societies which undertake to look after the country's defenders when so situated will do their utmost on their behalf; the Queen herself has just graciously announced her intention of attending the meeting of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association early next month. But all they can accomplish is to bring demand and supply into touch; it does not lie in the power of any patriotic organisation, however influential or zealous, to either diminish supply or to increase demand. When, therefore, the labour market becomes congested, as it soon will be, by the sudden addition of many thousands of unemployed men in the prime of life to its normal supply, the only possible relief must come from the community at large. We understand that a good many of these unfortunate men would have willingly remained in South Africa, but there was no room for them there, and it would almost amount to national disgrace if, on their forced return to England, they found that their native land had also no room for brave lads who had cheerfully put up with sharp privations, impaired health, and even the shedding of blood for the sake of their country.

**Our Guests on Tour** IT was a most happy thought, be the thinker whom he may, which sent forth into the provinces large and small parties of our Colonial and Indian guests. Had they made personal acquaintance with London alone, they would have taken home with them as erroneous notions of the Mother Country as the globe-trotter who drops in at Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay does of Hindostan. Our great provincial cities rather pride themselves on their independence of the metropolis in thought and feeling. They no longer regard London, it is true, as a sink of iniquity; you must go to some remote village to find any trace of that ancient tradition. But Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Bristol, Glasgow, Birmingham, and Newcastle have their strongly marked individualities, and not one of these great towns is in the least prepared to say "ditto to Mr. Burke," in blind admiration of metropolitan superiority. Even were it otherwise, even if there was no difference between the provinces and the capital, it would still be a right good thing to afford our honoured guests opportunities for making acquaintances with these hives of British busy bees. They are well worth seeing in themselves; in many instances their public buildings are quite equal to the finest in London. But apart from that, it must deeply impress their visitors from overseas to find these isles positively teeming with great centres of population, largely exceeding in magnitude as in wealth the greatest cities in their own countries. That will give them something like a correct notion of why little England plays such a leading part in the world.

### THE BLUE RIBBON OF BISLEY.

Some Interesting Facts about the King's Prize, with Diagram showing where the Prize has gone every year since the Competition was started, and

### HINTS ABOUT WALKING TOURS,

Are among the Interesting Features of this Week's

### GOLDEN PENNY.

## The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTLER

BY J. ASHBY-STERRY

LIKE many others who love Venice—I always say it is one of the few places I have seen that exceeded my expectations—I am sincerely grieved to hear of the collapse of the Campanile of St. Mark. The older a building is the longer we always expect it to remain, and as the erection of this notable feature of Venezia Bella was begun just a thousand years ago, we naturally expected it would last for ever. The exterior aspect of the building, which was completed by Maestro Buono, are well known, even to those who are unfamiliar with the City of the Sea, by countless pictures and innumerable photographs. There was, however, a special feature with regard to its interior that deserves recognition. It was the only building of considerable height that I know of that was devoid of steps. The ascent was made by an inclined plane that wound round the inner tower, and I know I found it infinitely less fatiguing than mounting to the Stone Gallery of Saint Paul's. The view from the belfry of the Campanile was superb. You saw the whole of Venice beneath you, but, strange to say, there was scarcely a canal visible. The whole place looked like a closely built city surrounded by water. I have a vivid recollection of seeing from this elevation one of the very finest sunsets it has ever been my good fortune to behold.

The last Henley Regatta was possibly more crowded than ever, but those who knew the regattas of years ago will easily recognise how this aquatic festival has entirely changed. The writer of a brilliant article in the *Sporting Life* says, "Dear old Henley! is not an exclamation to be uttered untinged with regret, because that Henley disappeared years ago!" This is but too true. He also speaks of the memorable occasion when the King—then Prince of Wales—paid a visit to the regatta. I have a perfect recollection of that time, and I am inclined to think we had three days of exceptionally brilliant weather. I almost fancy that was very nearly the last of the Henleys of the good old sort, which I have witnessed from the days of my boyhood.

My suggestion with regard to sleeping out of doors seems to have met with considerable approval. I see a correspondent of the *Daily Mail* writes with regard to my note on the subject, and gives a personal experience. He says:—"From June 20 to June 30 this year I slept on a camp-bed in the middle of a lawn, 800ft. high on the Quantock Hills, and the pleasure and benefit I derived from the novel proceeding was unbounded. To see the bright moon and quiet stars above you at night, and to hear the coo of the wood-pigeons and the song of the thrush in the early morning, while the sun shone full on a bush of rhododendrons, formed an agreeable contrast to the ordinary waking between walls." If the ensuing autumn should prove to be fine this new "cure" might be adopted in many directions. Country houses short of bedrooms might utilise to advantage the adjacent gardens, lawns and shrubberies, and Paterfamilias, when he takes his tribe for the annual outing, might find it to his benefit to adopt the new idea. Let him hire a field in some pleasant locality and establish a camp. He would find it infinitely more salubrious and enjoyable than the majority of seaside lodgings, and a great deal cheaper. Possibly the only drawback to *al fresco* somnolence would be a brisk shower or a thunderstorm in the middle of the night.

Some two or three years ago I called attention in this column to the terrible nuisance that is caused by the use of the cab-whistle in the London streets. The nuisance has been rapidly increasing since then, and I am glad to find the *Globe* has taken up the matter warmly and there have been many letters in the paper with regard to the abatement of these ear-piercing shrieks. It is not only of clubs, theatres, restaurants and hotels that we have to complain. You find the nuisance just as bad at private houses and in quiet streets. No servant will dream of going to fetch a cab in the present day. James will stand on the steps and blow his whistle lustily till he is purple in the face and a cab turns the corner—this is often a matter of half an hour—and Mary the parlourmaid will follow his example most vigorously, and so will Billy the butlers. If two people in a quiet street want a cab at the same time the noise will be so exasperating that it will well drive the rest of the inhabitants—many of whom are ill or want to go to sleep—well-nigh frantic. It is quite time some energetic measures were taken to mitigate this nuisance.

The *Manchester Guardian*, in genial comment upon my note with regard to the sale of presentation copies, hardly sees the exact drift of my remarks, or possibly I did not make my meaning altogether clear. I quite agree with the writer in the above-named journal when he says that the mere fact that a man chooses to give you his book should not compel you to keep it till the crack of doom, "more especially as the less desirable a work is, the more apt is its author to give it away." Anybody who has attained any position in the literary world is painfully aware of the quantity of publications of the feeblest class, with inscriptions from people he does not know, that are every week submitted for his consideration. Probably nobody suffered more in this way from the minor poet than the late Lord Tennyson. Of course no one would advocate for a moment the preservation of such works. But the instances I alluded to were somewhat different. They consisted of notable volumes by well-known authors, made doubly valuable by the inscriptions within them, and were probably sold on this account by the people who had originally acquired them for nothing. There seems to be one other solution of the matter, that is that the books may have been stolen and that the real proprietor is under the impression that they still remain on the shelves of his library.





## Paris Jottings

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

THE Parisians are really getting into despair regarding the eccentricities of the Clerk of the Weather. After a May and June which resembled February, he decided to make up for lost time by crowding the balance of heat due into the first fortnight of July. The thermometer rapidly mounted to over 90 degrees, and the citizens of the Ville Lumière, after shivering for eight weeks, baked for two. This week, however, he has already repented, and we have had a return of the cold snap, with, of course, the inevitable waterpot in full activity. People are completely at a loss how to amuse themselves. With the first sign of heat all the theatres closed their doors till the beginning of September, leaving the field clear to the open-air *cafés chantants* and similar places of amusement. As these in wet or chilly weather are out of the question, the Parisians and their foreign visitors are quite at a loss what to do.

In the political world, too, the barometer points to stormy. The rigorous measures taken to enforce the law against the Religious Orders has roused the whole Catholic population to fury, and there is little doubt that a *Kulturkampf* has begun in France quite as bitter as that fought in Germany by Prince Bismarck. A fortnight ago a commencement was made by closing 135 religious establishments which had not received authorisation from the State, and now the Prime Minister has given orders to the Prefects to take steps to close 2,500 schools conducted by members of the Religious Orders. There is no doubt, whatever the Republicans may say, that the result has been disastrous. A quarter of a million children, who were being educated in these establishments, will, when the vacations end in September next, find themselves without means of education in a country where primary education is obligatory. The State schools are already crowded to excess, and it is hopeless to think of finding room for the children from the schools run by the Religious Orders.

The Government has interpreted the new law to mean that a Religious Order, even if it has been recognised and authorised, has no right to establish branches. The schools have been closed, and the monks and nuns ordered to return to the *maison mère*—that is, the headquarters of their Order. But these have not even sleeping accommodation for the thousands of monks and nuns that are pouring in from every part of France. At the same time the Government has deprived them of their chief source of revenue—the school fees they received. The members of the Orders cannot, however, camp out in the streets of French towns, and I do not suppose the Government will make provision for them.

Another thing which proves the arbitrary nature of the action of the Government is the fact that they announce that no steps are to be taken against the hospitals, orphanages, and asylums of the aged established by the Religious Orders. As yet they are quite as much in conflict with the new law as are the schools. But as the



This view, which is from a photograph by C. Naya, Venice, was taken from the Loggia of St. Mark's. Part of a picture by Tintoretto can be seen hanging from the library ceiling of the Royal Palace

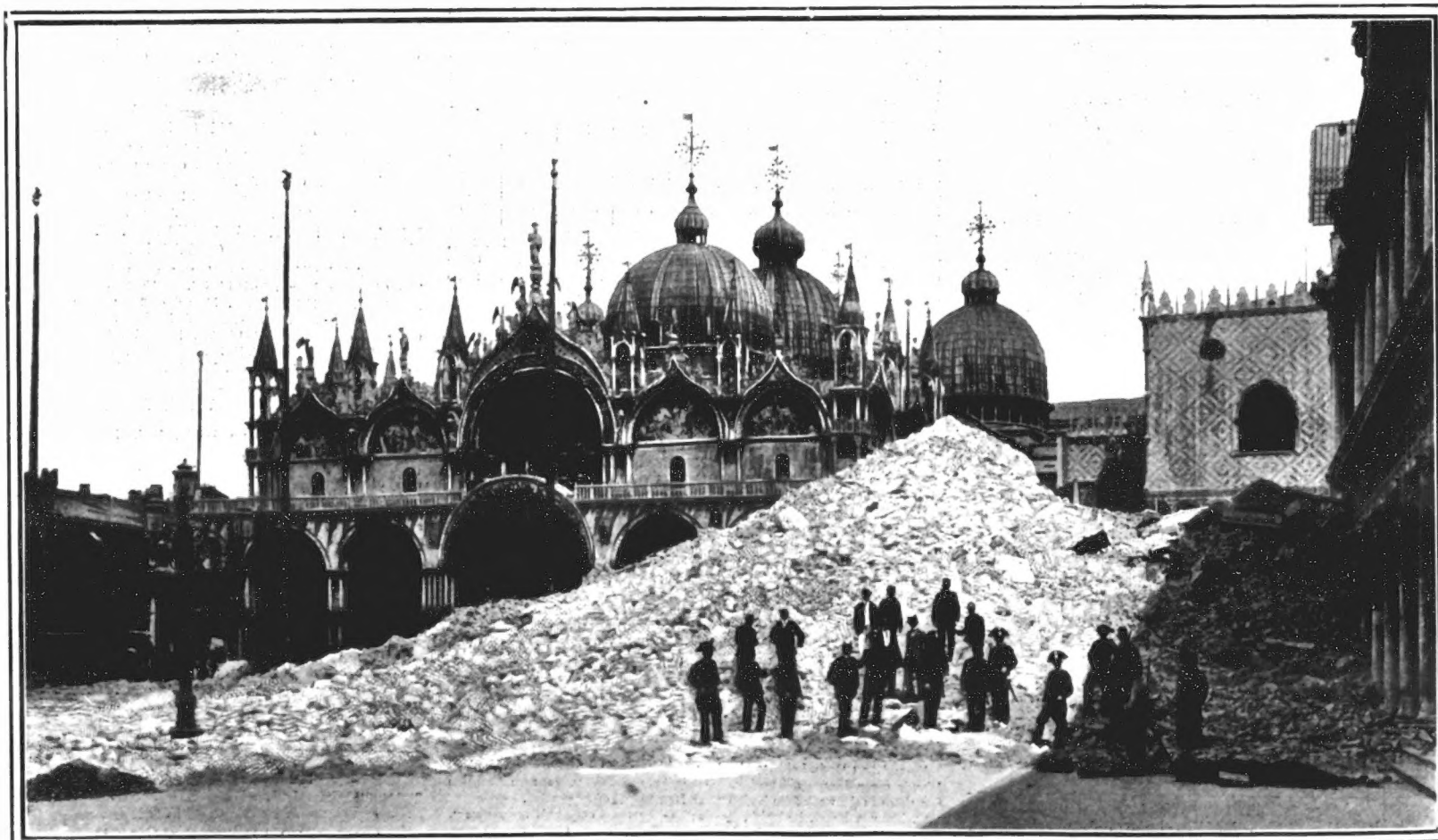
### THE RUINS OF THE CAMPANILE AND THE DAMAGED LIBRARY

Government is not in a position to take over and make provision for the hundred thousand helpless inmates of these establishments, they allow the Orders to support this burden, but deprive them of their revenue-gaining educational establishments.

Most people are wondering how long the authorities are going to put up with the electric *plats* which stud the principal streets of the capital along which the electric tramways run. These are the round steel plates, placed every few yards, from which they can draw their supply of electricity. I believe that in theory they are perfectly safe, but in practice they are a public danger. Hardly a day passes but foot-passengers and horses who happen to tread on them are

electrocuted. These cases have happened by hundreds. The latest was somewhat curious, the victim, after being knocked senseless, remained dumb for several days from the shock.

The Duc d'Orléans, not being able to enter France and carry on the Royalist propaganda himself, is doing it by deputy. The Duchesse d'Orléans has been spending ten days in Paris and holding a kind of diminutive Court at the Hotel Continental. A *service d'honneur* has been organised, with ladies of honour and chamberlains. Deputations of various kinds have been received, but the indifference with which the whole affair has been regarded proves how harmless the move really is.

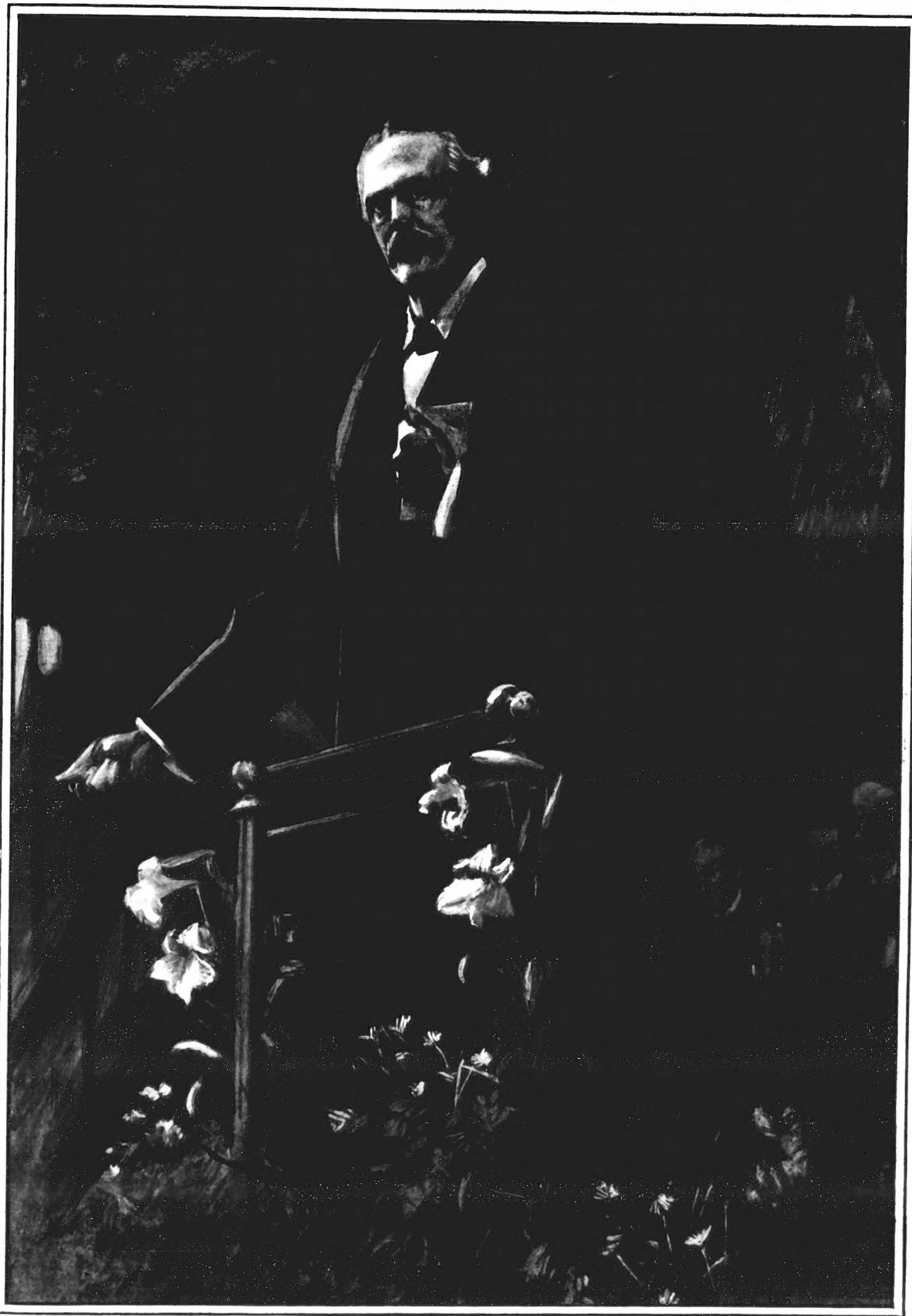


The Campanile did not fall (writes Mr. A. Robertson from Venice to the *Scotsman*, the day after the disaster). It shrank into itself. It collapsed like a pack of cards. A Campanile will rise again; but not the Campanile we knew. That has gone for ever. And what is there? One of the saddest ruin heaps I have ever seen. It is a pyramid fifty or sixty feet high and over a thousand feet in circumference. All about lie broken columns, bits of carving, pieces of hewn stone, huge twisted sheets of copper roofing (for the green sloping roof of the loggia on the top of the Campanile was copper); iron bars bent and broken,

and shattered, splintered marble everywhere—gleaming, too, here and there, all over the heap were pieces of the broken bronze bells, that, hung high up in the loggia, had called the senators to the Council Hall, the workmen to the arsenal, and the people to prayer, down the centuries, from generation to generation. Their tongues now for ever silent. One of the five bells, a small one, seemed unbroken. It lay buried in the debris near the top of the heap, with the entire rim of its mouth exposed. I think it is the one that was named "pregniera," that called, morning and evening, the Venetians to their prayers

### THE FALLEN CAMPANILE: THE HEAP OF RUINS IN THE PIAZZA SAN MARCO





Addressing the mass meeting of Unionists at Fulham after the opening of the new Conservative Club, Mr. Balfour said: "If Lord Salisbury has the supreme satisfaction of feeling that he has left public affairs with the country at peace and our foreign relations in this excellent condition likewise, surely he may feel that there never was a time when our relations with our Colonies were at all like what they are at the present moment. That is due to many circumstances, and of those circumstances I would venture to put first the personality and the policy of the present Colonial Secretary. It is no disparagement to the many distinguished statesmen who have preceded him in the Colonial Office to say that he

has breathed into that office something of a new spirit, something of a new inspiration, and that not in this country only, or in this country generally, but in every Colony throughout our vast and scattered Empire, that centre of colonial administration in Downing Street is looked upon with utterly different eyes from what it was when I first entered political life, and for many long years afterwards. That great change is, as I have said, more due to the policy and personality of the great statesman who rules over that office than any other single cause."

MR. BALFOUR MAKING HIS FIRST SPEECH AS PREMIER

DRAWN BY SYDNEY P. HALL, M.V.O.

## "Place aux Dames"

BY LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

LADIES have this year not competed in the shooting at Bisley. The reason is said to be the difficulty of costume. Miss Leal, the young lady who shot so well on several occasions, used to wrap a rug round her. Surely this or some other device could be found in the inventive brain of woman, for ladies are naturally often good shots, and the pastime is an interesting one.

It has been remarked that although women succeed in most things they undertake, they are no good, at least in England, at commerce. This observation does not hold good in France, where many of the large wine-growers, sugar factories and other important concerns are in the hands of women. In the shop, too, they take an active part, are up early and late, display great intelligence and

where dessert is always offered, and salads and nice vegetables are a *sine quâ non*. Women might study these matters with advantage, and thus learn to be good managers of hotels. As it is, the men step in everywhere and usurp all the purely feminine employments, as dressmakers, hairdressers, cooks and managers of ladies' clubs.

Annually an epidemic of some form of headgear occurs. Occasionally it is caps, bowlers, sailor hats, etc. This year it is Panamas. The men sport them in every description of value, size and shape, and the women follow suit. The river girl has adopted them with some success. The coquettes pinch them and join them and pull them into bewitching forms; the plain girl wears them drawn down severely over her eyes, or tossed back boldly from the brow. One and all, young and old, wear them diffidently, prettily, or practically, but at any rate they wear them. It is always a mystery who sets the fashion, and why everybody follows it, and why the women copy the men, and adopt their hats. The sailor straw hat had its day, and the cheap Panama has taken its place.

## At Bisley

WHEN due allowance is made for the extraordinary climatic vagaries of the last fortnight, the general quality of the marksmanship at the Bisley meeting will not be found to compare unfavourably with that at previous contests. Indeed, the match-rifle shooting must have almost beaten record, but it had the advantage of taking place, for the most part, before fine, calm days were replaced by blustering wintry weather. One of the most noteworthy features of the meeting was the splendid shooting of a more than proportionate number of Colonial competitors. Their names constantly appear among the prize-winners in the *Daily Graphic*, *Graphic*, and *Daily Telegraph* competitions, one of them, Private MacNamara, coming out among the leading trio in the Coronation prize-list. He is a gallant trooper in a Rhodesian corps, and his grand score of 101 was compiled by almost equally accurate shooting at 200, 300, and 600 yards. Sergeant Borain, a Natalian, accomplished a still more remarkable achievement by making twenty-two consecutive bull's-eyes in the *Golden Penny* competition at 500 yards. In presence



The transhipping of Boer prisoners of war began very shortly after the terms of peace had been signed, and a first batch of new British subjects are here shown leaving the wharf at St. Helena in lighters, to embark for the Cape. Our illustration is from a photograph by A. L. Innes, St. Helena.

### THE END OF THE WAR: THE FIRST BOER PRISONERS TO RETURN HOME

capability in all branches as well as book-keeping. In this country women seem to take a second place. There are no female Liptons, Harrods or Besses, while even linendrapers' shops are generally managed and controlled by men. Our business capacity is certainly not sufficiently developed.

It is further asserted that no well-kept hotel or club is managed by a woman, which seems on the face of it a paradox, for surely woman is the born housekeeper, and hotel-keeping is only a home on a large scale. "I fear the accusation is true. Women are too fond of petty economies, they cannot grasp things as a whole. They scrape and cheese-pare, lose good servants for the sake of a pound or two's wages, and buy cheap provisions with the idea of economy. True economy is to buy the best of everything and get the best value for your money. In English hotels the most curiously antiquated prejudices still survive. For instance, in the heat of summer, when provisions are as cheap as possible, fresh fruit and vegetables rarely appear on the coffee-room table. I have seen, on a sweltering day in July, when strawberries were being positively given away, dried prunes served up as the stewed fruit for dinner. Such foolish economies and short-sightedness send people abroad,

Of course, the real Panama still retains its prohibitive price, but the imitation answers the purpose just as well, and gives an air to its wearer. There is at least this to be said, that all the fashions women copy from men have a foundation of utility. The sailor hat was cheap, compact, and useful, the Panama is light and serviceable, and lends itself to any style of country dress.

I see that some athlete is about again to attempt to swim the Channel. Whether or not such feats are necessary or desirable, it is, at least, certain that swimming is one of the most necessary and graceful of amusements, and that everyone ought to know how to swim. This is the season when the water appeals to one, when the morning dive or the evening swim is as healthy as it is pleasant, and when Venus emerging from the waves should be the ideal of every English girl. Parents ought to encourage the love of swimming in their children. Boys, perhaps, are taught the art at school, but the girls are sadly neglected. Who of the many maidens paddling their canoe, or using the punt-pole at Henley, could swim, or even save themselves if they had fallen overboard? Swimming should be made compulsory in every curriculum of study, for don't we live in an island, and don't we love the seaside as a people? Were not our first castles in the air built on the sand, and did not the first wave that swept over and destroyed them teach us philosophy?

of these and many other brilliant feats by Colonial marksmen during the meeting, especially for the King's Prize, there is much to be said for the advice given not very long ago by a distinguished military commander as to the immense importance of training the British soldier to practise his eyesight at long distances. The Boers owed much of their success to their superiority in that respect; their skill in itself was nothing remarkable, but their splendid eyesight enabled them to clearly see small distant objects whose outlines could only be dimly perceived by our soldiers. It would be most interesting, therefore, to experiment in that sort of training with the public-school lads, whose competition is always so closely watched at Bisley. By beginning at an early age, as Boer youngsters do, they should acquire a high degree of proficiency in long-distance sight before reaching manhood. It is surprising how expert with the rifle some of these boys have made themselves; that diminutive wonder, Mr. Hyde, actually scored 61 out of a possible 70, and is said to have been greatly disappointed that he did not make more. Whether, however, the eyesight be good, bad, or indifferent, the new implement, the "Hyposcope," should be subjected to further test than Sergeant Milner was able to give it. The purpose of this little contrivance is to enable a soldier to see his enemy without exposing his own head or any other part of his person. When the "Hyposcope" is adjusted to his rifle, he sees the reflection of the foe in a tiny mirror without raising his own head out of cover, and





ISSUING RATIONS TO THE COMMANDO AFTER THE SURRENDER

advantage whose value it would be difficult to over-estimate. Colonel Lockyer, late Chief Inspector of Small Arms, has, we see, reported most favourably on the article, and as the cost is slight, its utility under service conditions has only to be demonstrated, we should imagine, to secure its adoption for our infantry. Among other prize-winners, Lieutenant-Colonel J. Hopton secured a trophy by almost ideal accuracy; as usual, this wonderful marksman, like Major Gibbs, still ranks among the very first flight at the longest ranges. Corporal Greer, the winner of the first Coronation prize, and Trooper Sclanders, of Natal, who carried off the "*Graphic*"—another Colonial success—are also splendid shots at any distance up to 600 yards. That is good enough for anything with the service rifle, the weapon used in all the competitions qualifying for Coronation prizes. The only serious misadventure during the meeting was the unfortunate dispute in connection with the Mackinnon contest. It was a chapter of blundering, and the less said about it the better, the only pleasant feature being the magnanimous offer of the Australian team, after winning squarely and fairly, to shoot the match over again.

## Music

M. KUBELIK

EXCEPT as to some school and other performances, M. Kubelik is the last of our concert-givers. Even he, however, will remain some time longer, for—at any rate until after the Coronation—there will be plenty of private parties, from which these fashionable musicians secure high fees. At M. Kubelik's final performance, last Saturday, there was great enthusiasm, particularly after a brilliant rendering of Paganini's "*Campanella*," when the ladies among the audience crowded round the platform, and besides making the young Bohemian play a couple of encores, called him to the platform no fewer than sixteen times, presenting him with bouquets and applauding him with truly feminine enthusiasm.

BAYREUTH, 1902

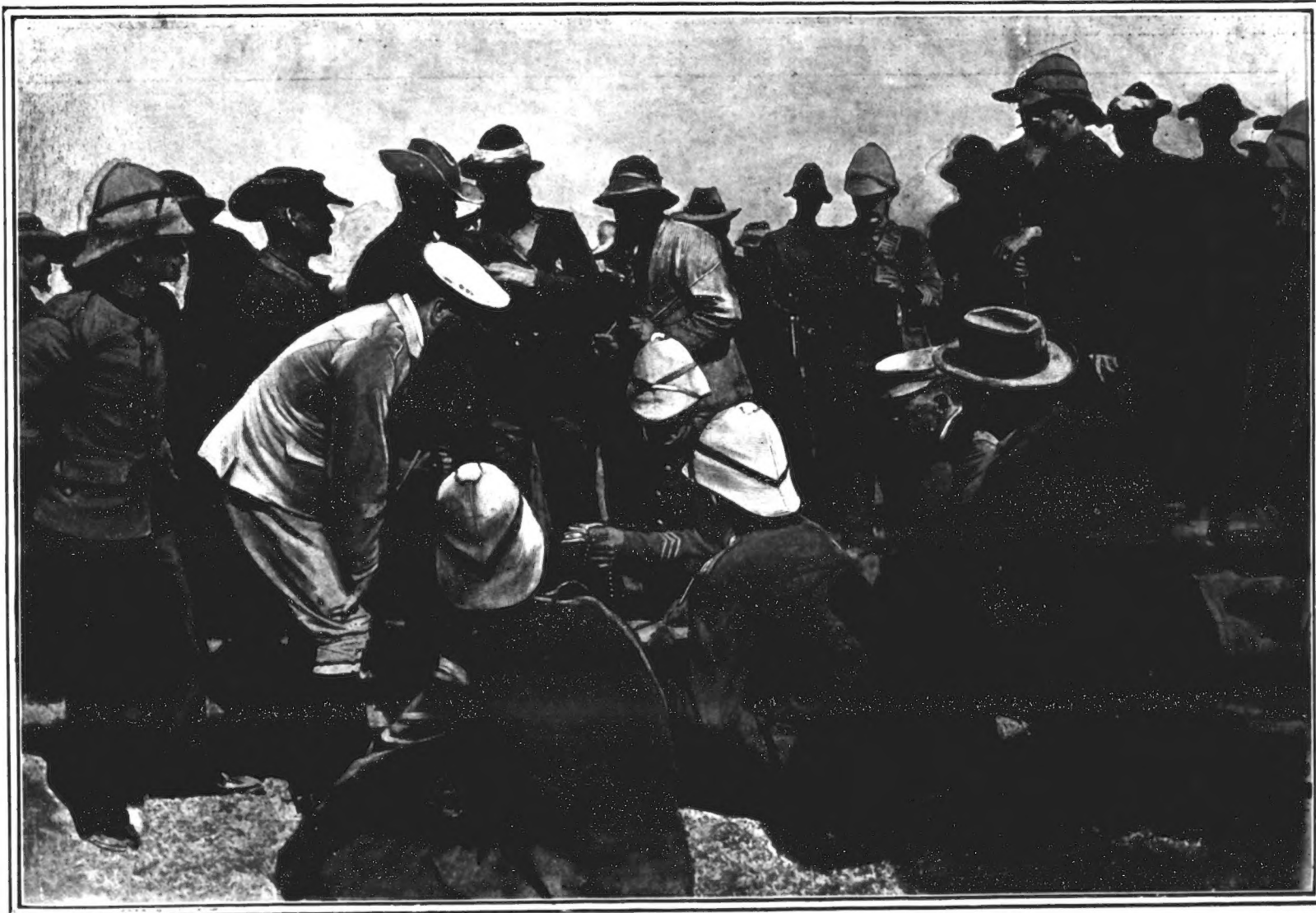
The Wagner Festival at Bayreuth commenced on Tuesday of this week, when a performance of *The Flying Dutchman* was announced, with Herr Mottl as conductor and Herr van Rooy as the Dutchman. On Wednesday *Parsifal* was to be given, and on Friday of this

week the first Cycle of *Der Ring des Nibelungen* will start, the other performances of the first series taking place on Saturday, Sunday and Monday.

## AN OPERA BY A LADY

Miss Ethel Smyth, whose *Der Wald* was produced on Friday last week, is the first lady who has ever had an opera mounted at Covent Garden. Indeed, the list of opera composers in that which is now misnamed the "softer sex" (the abler women are running the males rather hard in the race) is comparatively scanty; although ladies, from Madame Sainton Dolby, Virginia Gabriel, and Mrs. Meadows White, down to Miss Ellicott, Madame Chaminade, Madame Hope Temple, and Madame Liza Lehmann, have been prolific enough in songs, cantatas and chamber works. The only lady opera composer of recent times is Madame Augusta Holmes, whose *La Montagne Noire* achieved comparatively little success at the Paris Grand Opera a few years ago. This, of course, leaves out of count Miss Smyth, who produced an opera entitled *Fantasy* in Germany in 1898.

Miss Ethel Smyth takes her art very seriously, for she is undoubtedly a progressive musician, and one who needs to claim no



REGISTERING THE ARMS GIVEN UP BY A SURRENDERED COMMANDO AT RUSTENBERG

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THE END OF THE WAR

## "Place aux Dames"

BY LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

LADIES have this year not competed in the shooting at Bisley. The reason is said to be the difficulty of costume. Miss Leal, the young lady who shot so well on several occasions, used to wrap a rug round her. Surely this or some other device could be found in the inventive brain of woman, for ladies are naturally often good shots, and the pastime is an interesting one.

It has been remarked that although women succeed in most things they undertake, they are no good, at least in England, at commerce. This observation does not hold good in France, where many of the large wine-growers, sugar factories and other important concerns are in the hands of women. In the shop, too, they take an active part, are up early and late, display great intelligence and

where dessert is always offered, and salads and nice vegetables are a *sine quâ non*. Women might study these matters with advantage, and thus learn to be good managers of hotels. As it is, the men step in everywhere and usurp all the purely feminine employments, as dressmakers, hairdressers, cooks and managers of ladies' clubs.

Annually an epidemic of some form of headgear occurs. Occasionally it is caps, bowlers, sailor hats, etc. This year it is Panamas. The men sport them in every description of value, size and shape, and the women follow suit. The river girl has adopted them with some success. The coquettes pinch them and join them and pull them into bewitching forms; the plain girl wears them drawn down severely over her eyes, or tossed back boldly from the brow. One and all, young and old, wear them diffidently, prettily, or practically, but at any rate they wear them. It is always a mystery who sets the fashion, and why everybody follows it, and why the women copy the men, and adopt their hats. The sailor straw hat had its day, and the cheap Panama has taken its place.

## At Bisley

WHEN due allowance is made for the extraordinary climatic vagaries of the last fortnight, the general quality of the marksmanship at the Bisley meeting will not be found to compare unfavourably with that at previous contests. Indeed, the match-rifle shooting must have almost beaten record, but it had the advantage of taking place, for the most part, before fine, calm days were replaced by blustering wintry weather. One of the most noteworthy features of the meeting was the splendid shooting of a more than proportionate number of Colonial competitors. Their names constantly appear among the prize-winners in the *Daily Graphic*, *Graphic*, and *Daily Telegraph* competitions, one of them, Private MacNamara, coming out among the leading trio in the Coronation prize-list. He is a gallant trooper in a Rhodesian corps, and his grand score of 101 was compiled by almost equally accurate shooting at 200, 300, and 600 yards. Sergeant Borain, a Natalian, accomplished a still more remarkable achievement by making twenty-two consecutive bull's-eyes in the *Golden Penny* competition at 500 yards. In presence



The transhipping of Boer prisoners of war began very shortly after the terms of peace had been signed, and a first batch of new British subjects are here shown leaving the wharf at St. Helena in lighters, to embark for the Cape. Our illustration is from a photograph by A. L. Innes, St. Helena.

### THE END OF THE WAR: THE FIRST BOER PRISONERS TO RETURN HOME

capability in all branches as well as book-keeping. In this country women seem to take a second place. There are no female Liptons, Harrods or Besses, while even linendrapers' shops are generally managed and controlled by men. Our business capacity is certainly not sufficiently developed.

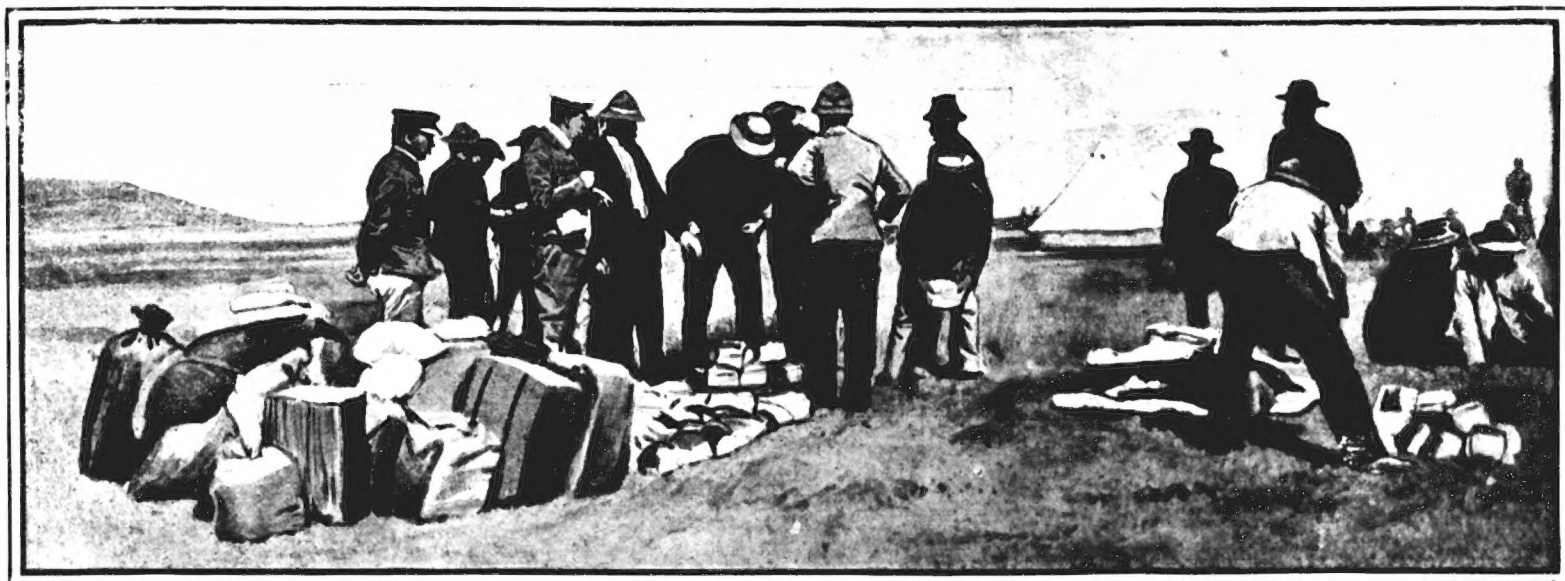
It is further asserted that no well-kept hotel or club is managed by a woman, which seems on the face of it a paradox, for surely woman is the born housekeeper, and hotel-keeping is only a home on a large scale. "I fear the accusation is true. Women are too fond of petty economies, they cannot grasp things as a whole. They scrape and cheese-pare, lose good servants for the sake of a pound or two's wages, and buy cheap provisions with the idea of economy. True economy is to buy the best of everything and get the best value for your money. In English hotels the most curiously antiquated prejudices still survive. For instance, in the heat of summer, when provisions are as cheap as possible, fresh fruit and vegetables rarely appear on the coffee-room table. I have seen, on a sweltering day in July, when strawberries were being positively given away, dried prunes served up as the stewed fruit for dinner. Such foolish economies and short-sightedness send people abroad,

Of course, the real Panama still retains its prohibitive price, but the imitation answers the purpose just as well, and gives an air to its wearer. There is at least this to be said, that all the fashions women copy from men have a foundation of utility. The sailor hat was cheap, compact, and useful, the Panama is light and serviceable, and lends itself to any style of country dress.

I see that some athlete is about again to attempt to swim the Channel. Whether or not such feats are necessary or desirable, it is, at least, certain that swimming is one of the most necessary and graceful of amusements, and that everyone ought to know how to swim. This is the season when the water appeals to one, when the morning dive or the evening swim is as healthy as it is pleasant, and when Venus emerging from the waves should be the ideal of every English girl. Parents ought to encourage the love of swimming in their children. Boys, perhaps, are taught the art at school, but the girls are sadly neglected. Who of the many maidens paddling their canoe, or using the punt-pole at Henley, could swim, or even save themselves if they had fallen overboard? Swimming should be made compulsory in every curriculum of study, for don't we live in an island, and don't we love the seaside as a people? Were not our first castles in the air built on the sand, and did not the first wave that swept over and destroyed them teach us philosophy?

of these and many other brilliant feats by Colonial marksmen during the meeting, especially for the King's Prize, there is much to be said for the advice given not very long ago by a distinguished military commander as to the immense importance of training the British soldier to practise his eyesight at long distances. The Boers owed much of their success to their superiority in that respect; their skill in itself was nothing remarkable, but their splendid eyesight enabled them to clearly see small distant objects whose outlines could only be dimly perceived by our soldiers. It would be most interesting, therefore, to experiment in that sort of training with the public-school lads, whose competition is always so closely watched at Bisley. By beginning at an early age, as Boer youngsters do, they should acquire a high degree of proficiency in long-distance sight before reaching manhood. It is surprising how expert with the rifle some of these boys have made themselves; that diminutive wonder, Mr. Hyde, actually scored 61 out of a possible 70, and is said to have been greatly disappointed that he did not make more. Whether, however, the eyesight be good, bad, or indifferent, that new implement, the "Hyposcope," should be subjected to further test than Sergeant Milner was able to give it. The purpose of this little contrivance is to enable a soldier to see his enemy without exposing his own head or any other part of his person. When the "Hyposcope" is adjusted to his rifle, he sees the reflection of the foe in a tiny mirror without raising his own head out of cover, and





ISSUING RATIONS TO THE COMMANDO AFTER THE SURRENDER

advantage whose value it would be difficult to over-estimate. Colonel Lockyer, late Chief Inspector of Small Arms, has, we see, reported most favourably on the article, and as the cost is slight, its utility under service conditions has only to be demonstrated, we should imagine, to secure its adoption for our infantry. Among other prize-winners, Lieutenant-Colonel J. Hopton secured a trophy by almost ideal accuracy; as usual, this wonderful marksman, like Major Gibls, still ranks among the very first flight at the longest ranges. Corporal Greer, the winner of the first Coronation prize, and Trooper Sclanders, of Natal, who carried off the "*Graphic*"—another Colonial success—are also splendid shots at any distance up to 600 yards. That is good enough for anything with the service rifle, the weapon used in all the competitions qualifying for Coronation prizes. The only serious misadventure during the meeting was the unfortunate dispute in connection with the Mackinnon contest. It was a chapter of blundering, and the less said about it the better, the only pleasant feature being the magnanimous offer of the Australian team, after winning squarely and fairly, to shoot the match over again.

## Music

M. KUBELIK

EXCEPT as to some school and other performances, M. Kubelik is the last of our concert-givers. Even he, however, will remain some time longer, for—at any rate until after the Coronation—there will be plenty of private parties, from which these fashionable musicians secure high fees. At M. Kubelik's final performance, last Saturday, there was great enthusiasm, particularly after a brilliant rendering of Paganini's "*Campanella*," when the ladies among the audience crowded round the platform, and besides making the young Bohemian play a couple of encores, called him to the platform no fewer than sixteen times, presenting him with bouquets and applauding him with truly feminine enthusiasm.

BAYREUTH, 1902

The Wagner Festival at Bayreuth commenced on Tuesday of this week, when a performance of *The Flying Dutchman* was announced, with Herr Mottl as conductor and Herr van Rooy as the Dutchman. On Wednesday *Parsifal* was to be given, and on Friday of this

week the first Cycle of *Der Ring des Nibelungen* will start, the other performances of the first series taking place on Saturday, Sunday and Monday.

AN OPERA BY A LADY

Miss Ethel Smyth, whose *Der Wald* was produced on Friday last week, is the first lady who has ever had an opera mounted at Covent Garden. Indeed, the list of opera composers in that which is now mis-called the "softer sex" (the abler women are running the males rather hard in the race) is comparatively scanty; although ladies, from Madame Sainton Dolby, Virginia Gabriel, and Mrs. Meadows White, down to Miss Ellicott, Madame Chaminade, Madame Hope Temple, and Madame Liza Lehmann, have been prolific enough in songs, cantatas and chamber works. The only lady opera composer of recent times is Madame Augusta Holmes, whose *La Montagne Noire* achieved comparatively little success at the Paris Grand Opera a few years ago. This, of course, leaves out of count Miss Smyth, who produced an opera entitled *Fantasie* in Germany in 1898.

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THE END OF THE WAR

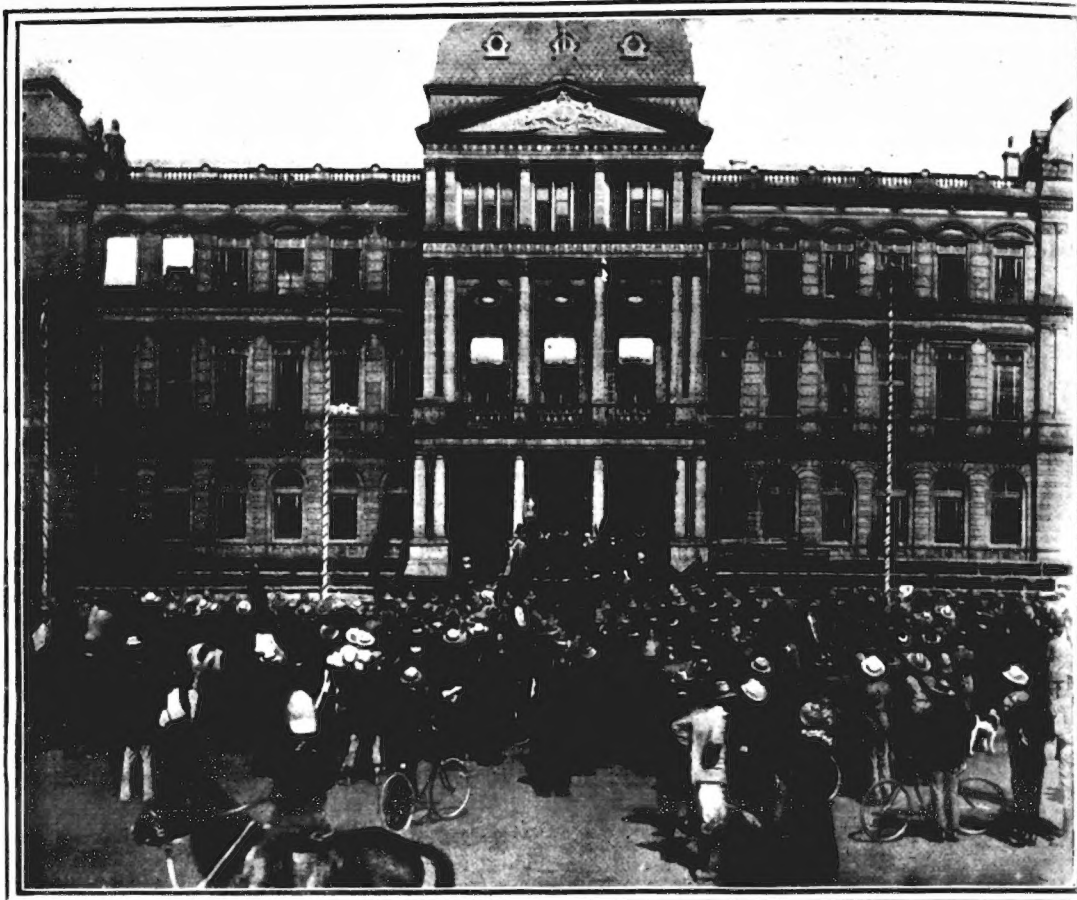
allowance on the ground of sex. She originally belonged to the conservative and even classical school, as is best exemplified in the traditions of the Hochschule, Berlin. Later on she drifted away from the influence of Joachim, Brahms, and Rubinstein, and became a convinced and indeed avowed Wagnerite. It is, therefore, not surprising to find that, although there are in *Der Wald* distinct traces of the style of Brahms, especially in the opening choruses, yet the advanced school predominates. Representative themes are of course employed, and the orchestration is sometimes extremely complex. But the acceptance of the Wagner ideas is chiefly shown in the subordination of the music to the general plan of the work.

Miss Smyth, who is her own librettist, has devised a sort of philosophic basis for her opera, which, by the way, is in one long act, occupying about an hour and twenty minutes in performance. The scene opens in the depths of a forest, in primeval times, the music here more or less recalling Brahms; but after a moment of darkness the situation changes to a woodland scene of sixteenth-century Germany. Here a village tragedy is enacted, a young forester refusing at the bidding of an unscrupulous lady to give up the girl to whom he is betrothed, preferring indeed to sacrifice his life for his love. As he dies with his sweetheart's kiss upon his lips, the supernatural business is resumed, and the scene again changes to the forest, the idea apparently being to show that life's little tragedies are mere details in the great drama, or otherwise are temporary incidents of no import compared with the Eternity of Nature. The scene is admirably managed by Mr. Neilson, and as the Nymphs flit about the wood in the half-light they form a very striking spectacle.

To turn again to the music, the entire work is of serious aim, and for the most part of admirable accomplishment. The audience were agreeably surprised, and certainly could not understand the adverse criticisms last March of the Berlin critics, who seem to have been absurdly jealous lest a British composer should gain a footing. The leading performers were Frau Lohse, who was admirable as the fiancée, Herr Pennarini as the young Forester, and Frl. Fremstad as the Temptress.

### Croquet at Sheen House

BEAUTIFUL weather last week attracted a large and fashionable crowd to the charming grounds of the Sheen House Club, Mortlake, to witness the Croquet Association Tournament. Throughout the games were most exciting, and the interest grew every day, as was plainly shown by the increasing attendance. The chief feature of the tournament was the struggle for the Sheen House Challenge Cup presented by the Committee. This resulted in Mr. W. W. Bruce beating Mrs. Whitaker by two to love (26-22), and it being the third year in succession in which he had won this, the principal trophy, the cup became his property. In the final of the second division for the Club Challenge Cup presented by the Croquet Association, Major Warren beat Mr. G. B. Roshier by nine points.



On June 21, Lord Milner assumed office as Governor of the Transvaal. The ceremony took place in the Council Chamber, formerly the First Raadzaal, of Government Buildings, Pretoria. The Chamber was filled with a representative gathering, and many people came from Johannesburg for the purpose of witnessing the ceremony. Lord Milner arrived by a special train at twelve o'clock and was received by a guard of honour provided by the South African Constabulary, while troops were drawn up in the market square. Lord Milner entered the Chamber preceded by the Chief Justice and Judges of the Supreme Court. The letters patent were read by Mr. Craig Sellar, Clerk to the Executive Council, and the oath was administered by the Chief Justice, Sir James Rose Innes. Our illustration is from a photograph by R. C. E. Nissen, Pretoria and Johannesburg.

LORD MILNER ARRIVING AT GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS, PRETORIA, TO TAKE THE OATH AS GOVERNOR OF THE TRANSVAAL



A ROUND BETWEEN MRS. THORNTON AND MR. WILLIS

THE CROQUET ASSOCIATION CHALLENGE CUP COMPETITION AT SHEEN HOUSE CLUB, RICHMOND

DRAWN BY BALLIOL SALMON





*"The bushes on their path were pushed aside, and from between them emerged Caleb, of whom she had seen but little of late. He halted and looked at them."*

## PEARL-MAIDEN: A TALE OF THE FALL OF JERUSALEM

By H. RIDER HAGGARD. Illustrated by BYAM SHAW

### CHAPTER VI. (Continued).

SWIFTLY the years went by. There were tumults in Judea and massacres in Jerusalem. False prophets such as Theudas, who pretended that he could divide Jordan, attracted thousands to their tinsel standards, to be hewn down, poor folk, by the Roman legions. Cæsars rose and fell; the great Temple was at length completed in all its glory, and many events happened which are remembered even to this day.

But in the little village of the Essenes by the grey shores of the Dead Sea nothing seemed to change, except that now and again an aged brother died, and now and again a new brother was admitted. They rose before daylight and offered their invocation to the sun; they went out to toil in the fields and sowed their crops, to reap them in due season, thankful if they were good, still thankful if they were bad. They washed, they prayed, they mourned over the wickedness of the world, and wove themselves white garments emblematic of a better. Also, although of this Miriam knew nothing, they held higher and more secret services wherein they invoked the presence of their "angels," and by arts of divination that were known to them, foretold the future, an exercise which brought them but little joy. But as yet, however evil might be the omens, none came to molest their peaceful life, which ran quietly towards the great catastrophe as often deep waters swirl to the lip of a precipice.

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At length, when Miriam was seventeen years of age, the first stroke of trouble fell upon them.

From time to time the high priests at Jerusalem, who hated the Essenes as heretics, had made demands upon them that they should pay tithe for the support of the sacrifices in the Temple. This they refused to do, since all sacrifices were hateful to them. So things went on until the day of the high priest Ananos, who sent armed men to the village of the Essenes to take the tithes. These were refused to them, whereon they broke open the granary and helped themselves, destroying a great deal which they could not carry away. As it chanced on that day Miriam, accompanied by Nehushta, had visited Jericho. Returning in the afternoon they passed through a certain torrent bed where were many rocks, and among them thickets of thorn trees. Here they were met by Caleb, now a noble-looking youth, very strong and active, who carried a bow in his hand and on his back a sheath of six arrows.

"Lady Miriam," he said, "well met. I have come to seek you and to warn you not to return by the road to-day, since on it you will meet presently those thieves sent by the high priest to plunder the stores of the Order, who, perhaps, will offer you insult or mischief, for they are drunk with wine. Look, one of them has struck me," and he pointed to a bruise upon his shoulder and cowered.

"What then shall we do?" asked Miriam. "Go back to Jericho."

"Nay, for there they will come too. Follow up this gully till

you reach the footpath a mile away and by it walk to the village; so you will miss these robbers."

"That is a good plan," said Nehushta. "Come, lady."

"Whither are you going, Caleb?" asked Miriam, lingering since she saw that he did not mean to accompany them.

"I? Oh! I shall hide among the rocks near by till the men are passed and then go to seek that hyena which has been worrying the sheep. I have tracked him down and may catch him as he comes from his home at sunset. That is why I have brought my bow and arrows."

"Come," broke in Nehushta impatiently, "come. The lad well knows how to guard himself."

"Be careful, Caleb, that you get no hurt from the hyena," said Miriam, doubtfully, as Nehushta seized her by the wrist and dragged her away. "It is strange," she added as they went, "that Caleb should choose this evening to go hunting."

"Unless I mistake, it is a human hyena whom he hunts," answered Nehushta shortly. "One of those men struck him, and he desires to wash the wound with his blood."

"Oh! surely not, Nou. That would be taking vengeance, and revenge is evil."

Nehushta shrugged her shoulders. "Caleb may think otherwise, as I do at times. Wait, and we shall see."

As it chanced they did see something. The footpath by which they returned to the village ran over a high ridge of ground, and from its crest, although they were a mile or more away, in that clear

desert air, they could easily discern the line of the high priest's servants straggling along, and driving before them a score or so of mules, laden with wine and other produce which they had stolen from the stores. Presently the company of them descended into that gully along which the road ran, whence a minute or two later rose a sound of distant shouting. Then they appeared on the further side, running or riding their beasts hither and thither, as though in search of someone, while four of them carried between them a man who seemed to be hurt, or dead.

"I think that Caleb has shot his hyena," said Nehushta meaningly; "but I have seen nothing, and if you are wise, you will say nothing. I do not like Caleb, but I hate these Jewish thieves, and it is not for you to bring your friend into trouble."

Miriam looked frightened and nodded her head, and no more was said of the matter.

That evening, as Miriam and Nehushta stood at the door of their house in the cool, by the light of the full moon they saw Caleb advancing towards them down the road, a sight that made Miriam glad at heart, for she feared lest he might have come into trouble. Catching sight of them, he asked permission to enter through the door, which he closed behind him so that now they stood in the little garden within the wall.

"Well," said Nehushta, "I see that you had a shot at your hyena; did you kill it?"

"How do you know that?" he asked, looking at her suspiciously.

"A strange question to put to a Libyan woman who was brought up among bowmen," she replied. "You had six arrows in your quiver when we met you, and now I count but five. Also your bow was newly waxed, and look, the wax is rubbed where the shaft lay."

"I shot at the beast, and, as I think, hit it. At least, I could not find the arrow again, although I searched long."

"Doubtless. You do not often miss. You have a good eye and a steady hand. Well, the loss of a shaft will not matter, since I noticed, also, that this one was differently barbed to the others, and double-feathered. A true Roman war-shaft, such as they do not make here. If any find your wounded beast you will not get its hide, since it is known that you do not use such arrows." Then, with a smile that was full of meaning, Nehushta turned and entered the house, leaving him staring after her, half in wrath and half in wonder at her wit.

"What does she mean?" he asked Miriam, but in the voice of one who speaks to himself.

"She thinks that you shot at a man, not at a beast," replied Miriam; "but I know well that you could not have done this since that would be against the rule of the Essenes."

"Even the rule of the Essenes permits a man to protect himself and his property from thieves," he answered sulkily.

"Yes, to protect himself, if he is attacked, and his property—if he has any. But neither that faith nor mine permits him to avenge a blow."

"I was one against many," he answered boldly. "My life was on the hazard: it was no coward's act."

"Were there, then, a troop of these hyenas?" asked Miriam, innocently. "I thought you said it was a solitary beast that took the sheep."

"It was a whole company of beasts who took the wine, and smote those in charge of it as though they were street dogs."

"Hyenas that took wine like the tame ape whom the boys make drunken over yonder—"

"Why do you mock me," broke in Caleb, "who must know the truth? Or if you do not know it, here it is. That thief beat me with his staff, and called me the son of a dog, and I swore that I would pay him back. Pay him back I did, for the head of that shaft which Nehushta noted, stands out a span beyond his neck. They never saw who shot it; they never saw me at all, but thought at first that the man had fallen from his horse. By the time they knew the truth I was away where they could not follow. Now go and tell the story if you will, or let Nehushta, who hates me, tell it, and give me over to be tortured by the servants of the high priest, or crucified as a murderer by the Romans."

"Neither Nehushta nor I saw this deed done, nor shall we bear witness against you, Caleb, or judge you, who doubtless were provoked by violent and lawless men. Yet, Caleb, you told me that you came out to warn us, and it grieves me to learn that the true wish of your heart was to take the life of a man."

"It is false," he answered angrily; "I said that I came to warn you, and afterwards to kill an hyena. To make you safe, that was my first thought, and until you were safe my enemy was safe also, Miriam, you know it well."

"Why should I know it? To you, Caleb, I think revenge is more than friendship."

"Perhaps, for I have few friends who are a penniless orphan brought up by charity. But, Miriam, to me revenge is not more than—love."

"Love," she stammered, turning crimson to her hair and stepping back a pace, "what do you mean, Caleb?"

"What I say, neither more nor less," he answered sullenly.

"As I have worked one crime to-day, I may as well work two, and dare to tell the lady Miriam, the Queen of the Essenes, that I love her, though she loves not me—as yet."

"This is madness," faltered Miriam.

"Mayhap, but it is a madness which began when first I saw you that was soon after we learned to speak—a madness which will continue until I cease to see you, and that shall be soon before I grow silent for ever. Listen, Miriam, and do not think my words only those of a foolish boy, for all my life shall prove them. This love of mine is a thing with which you must reckon. You love me not; therefore, even had I the power, I would not force myself upon you against your will, only I warn you, learn to love no other man, for then it shall go ill either with him or with me. By this I swear it," and, snatching her to him, Caleb kissed her on the forehead, then let her go, saying, "Fear not. It is the first and last time, except by your own will. Or if you fear, tell the story to the Court of the Essenes, and—to Nehushta, who will right your wrongs."

"Caleb," she gasped, stamping her foot upon the ground in

anger, "Caleb, you are more wicked than I dreamed, and," she added, as though to herself, "and greater."

"Yes," he answered, as he turned to go, "I think that you are right. I am more wicked than you dreamed, and—greater. Also, Miriam, I love you as you will never be loved again. Farewell!"

## CHAPTER VII.

MARCUS.

THAT night those of the curators who were engaged in prayer and fasting, were disturbed by the return of an officer of those Jews that had robbed them, who complained violently that a man of his company had been murdered by one of the Essenes. They asked how and when, and were told that the man had been shot down with an arrow, in a gully upon the road to Jericho, by a person unknown. They replied that robbers sometimes met with robbers and asked to see the arrow, which proved to be of Roman make, such as these men carried in their own quivers. This the Essenes pointed out, and at length, growing angry at the unreasonableness of a complaint made by persons of the worst character, drove him and his escort from their doors, bidding them take their story to the high priest Ananus with the goods that they had stolen, or if they preferred it, to that still greater thief, the Roman procurator, Albinus.

This they did not neglect to do, with the result that presently the Essenes were commanded to send some of their head men to appear before Albinus to answer the charges laid against them. Accordingly they despatched Ithiel and two others, who were kept waiting three months at Jerusalem before they could even obtain a hearing. At length the cause came on and after some few minutes of talk was adjourned, being but a petty matter. That same evening Ithiel was informed by an intermediary, that if his Order would pay a certain large sum of money to Albinus, nothing more would be heard of the question. This the Essenes refused to do, as it was against their principles, saying that they demanded nothing but justice, which they were not prepared to buy. So they spoke, being ignorant that one of their neophytes, Caleb, had in fact aimed the fatal arrow.

Then Albinus, wearying of the business and finding that there was no profit to be made out of the Essenes, commanded them to be gone, saying that he would send an officer to make inquiry on the spot.

Another two months went by and at length this officer arrived, attended by an escort of twenty soldiers.

As it chanced, on a certain morning in the winter season, Miriam with Nehushta was walking on the Jericho road, when suddenly they saw approaching towards them this little body of armed men. Perceiving that they were Romans, they turned out of the path to hide themselves among the thorns of the desert. Thereon he who seemed to be the officer spurred his horse forward to intercept them.

"Do not run—stand still," said Nehushta to Miriam, "and show no sign of fear."

So Miriam halted and began to gather a few autumn flowers that still bloomed among the bushes, till the shadow of the officer fell upon her, that shadow in which she was destined to walk all her life-days.

"Lady," said a pleasant voice in Greek spoken with a somewhat foreign accent, "lady, pardon, and I pray you, do not be alarmed. I am a stranger to this part of the country, which I visit on official business. Will you of your kindness direct me to the village of a people called Essenes who live somewhere in this desert?"

"Oh! sir," answered Miriam, "do you, who come with Roman soldiers, mean them any harm?"

"Not I. But why do you ask?"

"Because, sir, I am of their community."

The officer stared at her—this beautiful, blue-eyed, white-skinned, delicate-featured girl, whose high blood proclaimed itself in every tone and gesture.

"You, lady, of the community of the Essenes! Surely then those priests in Jerusalem lie more deeply than I thought. They told me that the Essenes were old ascetics that worship Apollo, and could not bear so much as the sight of a woman. And now you say you are an Essene, you, by Bacchus, you!" and he looked at her with an admiration which, although there was nothing brutal or even rude about it, was amusingly undisguised.

"I am their guest," she said.

"Their guest? Why, this is stranger still. If these spiritual outlaws—the word is that old high priest's, not mine—share their bread and water with such guests, my sojourn among them will be happier than I thought."

"They brought me up," Miriam explained again.

"In truth, my opinion of the Essenes rises and I am convinced that those priests slandered them. If they can shape so sweet a lady, surely they must themselves be good and gentle," and he bowed gravely, perhaps to mark the compliment.

"Sir, they are both good and gentle," answered Miriam, "but of this you will be able to judge for yourself very shortly, seeing that they live near at hand. If you will follow us over yonder rise we will show you their village, whither we go."

"By your leave, I will accompany you," he said, dismounting before she could answer; then added, "Pardon me for one moment, I must give some orders," and he called to a soldier, who, with his companions, had halted at a little distance.

The man advanced saluting, and, turning aside, his captain began to talk with him, so that now, for the first time, Miriam could study his face. He was young—not more than three or four and twenty years of age—of middle height, and somewhat slender, but active in movement and athletic in build. Upon his head, which was round and not large, in place of the helmet that hung at his saddle-bow, he wore a little cap, steel-lined and padded as a protection against the sun, and beneath it she could see that his short, dark brown hair curled closely. Under the tan caused by exposure to the heat, his skin was fair, and his grey eyes, set rather wide apart, were quick and observant. For the rest, his mouth was well-shaped, though somewhat large, and the chin clean-shaven, prominent and determined. His air was that of a soldier accustomed to command, but very genial, and when he smiled showing

his regular white teeth, even merry, the air of one with a kind and generous heart.

Miriam looked at him, and in an instant was aware that she liked him better than any man, that is any young man, she had ever seen. This, however, was no great or exclusive compliment to a Roman, since of such acquaintances she had but few, if in Caleb was not the only one. However, of this she was she liked him better than Caleb, because, even then and comparing them in her thoughts, this truth came home to her. With it, too, a certain sense of shame that the newcomer should prefer to the friend of her childhood, although of late that friend had displeased her by showing too warm a friendship.

Having given his instructions, the captain dismissed the one commanding him to follow at a distance with the men, and saying "Lady, I am ready," he began to walk forward, leading his horse by the bridle.

"You will forgive me," he added, "if I introduce myself merely formally. I am called Marcus, the son of Emilius—a name which was known in its day," and he sighed, "as I hope before I have done with it, mine will be. At present I cannot boast that this is so, who, unless it should please my uncle Caius to debase and leave me the great fortune he squeezed out of the Spaniards—neither of which things he shows any present intention of doing—am but a soldier of fortune: a centurion under the command of the excellent and most noble procurator Albinus," he added, sarcastically. "For the rest," he went on, "I have spent a year in this interesting and turbulent but somewhat arid land of yours, coming here from Egypt, and am now honoured with a commission to investigate and make a report on a charge laid at the door of your virtuous guardians, the Essenes, of having murdered, or been privy to the murder, of a certain rascally Jew, who, as I understand, was sent with others to steal their goods. That, lady, is my style and history. By way of exchange, will you be pleased to tell me yours?"

Miriam hesitated, not being sure whether she should enter on such confidences at so short a notice. Thereon Nehushta, who was untroubled by doubts, and thought it politic to be quite open with this Roman, a man in authority, answered for her.

"Lord, this maiden, whose servant I am, as I was that of her grandmother and mother before her—"

"Surely you cannot be so old," interrupted Marcus. He made it a rule to be polite to all women, whatever their colour, having noticed that life went more easily with those who were courteous to the sex.

Nehushta smiled a little as she answered—for at what age does a woman learn to despise a compliment?—"Lord, they both died young," then repeated, "This maiden is the only child of the high-born Græco-Syrian of Tyre, Demas and his noble wife Rachel—"

"I know Tyre," he interrupted. "I was quartered there till two months ago," adding in a different tone, "I understand that this pair no longer live."

"They died," said Nehushta sadly, "the father in the amphitheatre at Berytus by command of the first Agrippa, and the mother when her child was born."

"In the amphitheatre at Berytus? Was he then a malefactor?"

"No, sir," broke in Miriam proudly, "he was a Christian."

"Oh! I understand. Well, they are ill-spoken of as enemies of the human race, but for my part I have had to do with several Christians and found them very good people, though visionary in their views." Here a doubt struck him and he said, "But, lady, I understood that you were an Essene."

"Nay, sir," she replied in the same steady voice, "I also am a Christian, who have been protected by the Essenes."

He looked at her with pity and replied, "It is a dangerous profession for one so young and fair."

"Dangerous let it be," she said; "at least it is mine from the beginning to the end."

Marcus bowed, perceiving that the subject was not to be pursued, and said to Nehushta, "Continue the story, my friend."

"Lord, the father of my lady's mother is a very wealthy Jewish merchant of Tyre, named Benoni."

"Benoni," he said, "I know him well, too well for a poor man!—a Jew of the Jews, a Zealot, they say. At least, he hates us Romans enough to be one, although many is the dinner that I have eaten at his palace in the old city. He is the most successful trader in all Tyre, unless it be his rival Amram, the Phœnician, but a hard man, and as able as he is hard. Now I think of it, he has no living children, so why does not your lady, his grandchild, dwell with him rather than in this desert?"

"Lord, you have answered your own question. Benoni is a Jew of the Jews; his grand-daughter is a Christian, as I am also. Therefore, when her mother died, I brought her here to be taken care of by her uncle Ithiel, the Essene, and I do not think Benoni knows even that she lives. Lord, perhaps I have said too much, but you must soon have heard the story from the Essenes, and we trust to you, who chance to be Benoni's friend, to keep our secret from him."

"You do not trust in vain, yet it seems sad that all the wealth and station which are hers by right should thus be wasted."

"Lord, rank and station are not everything; freedom of faith and person are more than these. My lady lacks for nothing, and—this is all her story."

"Not quite, friend; you have not told me her name."

"Lord, it is Miriam."

"Miriam, Miriam," he repeated, his slightly foreign accent dwelling softly on the syllables. "It is a very pretty name, I find such a—," and he checked himself.

By now they were on the crest of the rise, and, stopping between two clumps of thorn trees, Miriam broke in hastily.

"See, sir, there below lies the village of the Essenes; those green trees to the left mark the banks of Jordan, whence we irrigate our fields, while that grey stretch of water to the right, surrounded by a wall of mountain, is the Dead Sea."

"Is it so? Well, the green is pleasant in this desert, and the fields look well cultivated. I hope to visit them some day, and was brought up in the country, and, although I am a soldier, I understand a farm. For the Dead Sea, it is even more dreary."



than I expected. Tell me, lady, what is that large building yonder?"

"That," she answered, "is the gathering hall of the Essenes."

"And that?" he asked, pointing to a house which stood by itself.

"That is my home, where Nehushta and I dwell."

"I guessed as much by the pretty garden." Then he asked her other questions, which she answered freely enough, for Miriam, although she was half Jewish, had been brought up among men, and felt neither fear nor shame in talking with them in a friendly and open fashion, as an Egyptian or a Roman or a Grecian lady might have done.

While they were still conversing thus, of a sudden the bushes on their path were pushed aside, and from between them emerged Caleb, of whom she had seen but little of late. He halted and looked at them.

"Friend Caleb," said Miriam, "this is the Roman captain Marcus, who comes to visit the curators of the Order. Will you lead him and his soldiers to the council hall and advise my uncle Ithiel and the others of his coming, since it is time for us to go home?"

Caleb glared at her, or rather at the stranger, with sullen fury; then he answered:

"Romans always make their own road; they do not need a Jew to guide them," and once more he vanished into the scrub on the further side of the path.

"Your friend is not civil," said Marcus, as he watched him go. "Indeed he has an inhospitable air. Now, if an Essene could do such a thing, I should think that here is a man who might have drawn an arrow upon a Jewish tax-gatherer," and he looked inquiringly at Miriam.

"That lad!" put in Nehushta. "Why, he never shot anything larger than a bird of prey."

"Caleb," added Miriam in excuse, "does not like strangers."

"So I see," answered Marcus, "and to be frank, lady, I do not like Caleb. He has an eye like a knife-point."

"Come, Nehushta," said Miriam, "this is our road, and there runs that of the captain and his company. Sir, farewell, and thank you for your escort."

"Lady, for this while, farewell and thank you for your guidance."

Thus for that day they parted.

The dwelling which many years before had been built by the Essenes for the use of their ward and her nurse, stood next to the large guest-house. Indeed, it occupied a portion of the ground which originally belonged to it, although now the plot was divided into two gardens by an irrigation ditch and a live pomegranate fence, covered at this season of the year with its golden globes of fruit. That evening, as Miriam and Nehushta walked in the garden, they heard the familiar voice of Ithiel calling to them from the other side of this fence, and presently above it saw his kindly face and venerable white head.

"What is it, my uncle?" asked Miriam running to him.

"Only this, child: the noble Roman captain, Marcus, is to stay in the guest-house during his visit to us, so do not be frightened if you hear or see men moving about in this garden, if, indeed, Romans care to walk in gardens. I am to hide here also to play host to him and see that he lacks nothing. Also I do not think that he will give you any trouble, since, for a Roman, he seems both courteous and kindly."

"I am not afraid, my uncle," said Miriam; "indeed," she added, blushing a little in spite of herself, "Nehushta and I have already become acquainted with this captain," and she told him of their meeting beyond the village.

"Nehushta, Nehushta," said Ithiel reprovingly, "have I not said that you should not walk so far afield without some of the brethren as an escort. You might, perchance, have met thieves, or drunken men."

"My lady wished to gather some flowers she sought," answered Nehushta, "as she has done without harm for many a year, and being armed, I did not fear thieves, if such men are to be found where all are poor."

"Well, well, as it chanced, no harm has happened, but do not go out unattended again lest the soldiers should not be so courteous as their captain. They will not trouble you by the way, since, with the exception of a single guard, they camp yonder by the streamlet. Farewell for this night, my child; we will meet to-morrow."

Then Miriam went to rest and dreamed of the Roman captain, and that he, she, and Nehushta made a journey together and met with many great adventures, wherein Caleb played some strange part. In that dream the Captain Marcus protected them from all these dangers, till at length they came to a calm sea, on which floated a white ship wherein they must embark, having the sign of the Cross woven in its sails. Then she awoke and found that it was morning.

Of all the arts she had been taught, Miriam was fondest of that of modelling in clay, for which she had a natural gift. Indeed, so great had her skill become, that these models that she made, after they had been baked with fire, were, at her wish, sold by the Essenes to any who took a fancy to them. As to the money which they fetched it was paid into a fund to be distributed among the poor.

This art Miriam carried on in a reed-thatched shed in the garden, where, by an earthen pipe, water was delivered into a stone basin, which she used to damp her clay and cloths. Sometimes also with the help of the master who had taught her, now a very old man, she copied these models in marble, which the Essenes brought to her from the ruins of a palace near Jericho. At the time that the Romans came she was finishing a work more ambitious than any which she had undertaken as yet; namely, a life-sized bust cut from the fragment of an ancient column to the likeness of her great-uncle Ithiel. On the afternoon following the day that she had met Marcus, clad in her white working-robe, she was occupied in polishing this bust, with the assistance of Nehushta, who handed her the cloths and grinding powder. Suddenly shadows fell upon her, and, turning, she beheld Ithiel and the Roman.

"Daughter," said Ithiel, smiling at her confusion, "I have brought the captain Marcus to see your work."

"Oh! my uncle," she replied indignantly, "am I in a state to receive any captain?" and she held out her wet hands and pointed to her garments begrimed with clay and powder. "Look at me."

"I look," said Ithiel innocently, "and see naught amiss."

"And I look, lady," added Marcus in his merry voice, "and see much to admire. Would that more of your sex could be found thus delightfully employed."

"Alas, sir," she replied, adroitly misunderstanding him, for Miriam did not lack readiness, "in this poor work there is little to admire. I am ashamed that you should look on the rude fashionings of a half-trained girl, you who must have seen all those splendid statues of which I have been told."

"By the throne of Caesar, lady," he exclaimed in a voice that carried a conviction of his earnestness, staring hard at the bust of Ithiel before him, "as it chanced, although I am not an artist, I do know something of sculpture, since I have a friend who is held to be the best of our day, and often for my sins have sat as model to him. Well, I tell you this, never did the great Glaucus produce a bust like that."

"I daresay not," said Miriam smiling. "I daresay the great Glaucus would go mad if he saw it."

"He would—with envy. He would say that it was the work of one of the glorious Greeks and of no modern."

"Sir," said Ithiel reprovingly, "do not make a jest of the maid, who does the best she can; it pains her and—is not fitting."

"Friend Ithiel," replied Marcus, turning quite crimson, "you must indeed think that I lack manners who would come to the home of any artist to mock his work. I say what I mean, neither more nor less. If this bust were shown in Rome, together with yourself who sat for it, the Lady Miriam would find herself famous within a week. Yes," and he ran his eye quickly over various statuettes, some of them baked and some in the raw clay, models, for the most part, of camels or other animals or birds, "yes; and it is the same with all the rest, these are the works of genius, no less."

At this praise, to them so exaggerated, Miriam, pleased as she could not help feeling, broke into clear laughter, which both Ithiel and Nehushta echoed. Now, so wrath was he, the face of Marcus grew quite pale and stern.

"It seems," he said severely, "that it is not I who mock. Tell me, lady, what do you with these things?" and he pointed to the statuettes.

"I, sir? I sell them, or at least my uncles do."

"The money is given to the poor," interposed Ithiel.

"Would it be rude to ask at what price?"

"Sometimes," replied Ithiel with pride, "travellers have given me as much as a silver shekel.\* Once, indeed, for a group of camels with their Arabian drivers, I received three shekels, but that took my niece six months to do."

"A shekel! Three shekels!" said Marcus in a voice of despair. "I will buy them all—no, I will not, it would be robbery. And this bust?"

"That, sir, is not for sale; it is a gift to my uncle, or rather to my uncles, to be set up in their court-room."

An idea struck Marcus. "I am here for a few weeks," he said.

"Tell me, lady, if your uncle Ithiel will permit it, at what price will you execute a bust of myself of the same size and quality?"

"It would be dear," said Miriam, smiling at the notion, "for the marble costs something and the tools, which wear out. Oh! it would be very dear." This she repeated, wondering what she could ask in her charitable avarice. "It would be—" yes, she would venture it—"fifty shekels!"

"I am poor enough," replied Marcus quietly, "but I will give you two hundred."

"Two hundred!" gasped Miriam. "It is absurd. I could never accept two hundred shekels for a piece of stonework. Then indeed you might say that you had fallen among thieves on the banks of Jordan. No. If my uncle will permit it, and there is time, I will do my poor best for fifty—only, sir, I advise you against it, since to win that bad likeness you must sit for many weary hours."

"So be it," said Marcus. "As soon as I get to any civilised place I will send you enough commissions to make the beggars in these parts rich for life, and at a very different figure. Let us begin at once."

"Sir, I have no leave."

"The matter," explained Ithiel, "must be laid before the Court of Curators, which will decide upon it to-morrow. Meanwhile, as we are talking here, I see no harm if my niece chooses to work a lump of clay, which can be broken up later should the Court in its wisdom refuse your request."

"I hope for its own sake that the Court in its wisdom will not be such a fool," muttered Marcus to himself, adding aloud, "Lady, where shall I place myself? You will find me the best of sitters. Have I not the great Glaucus for a friend—until I show him this work of yours?"

"If you will, sir, be seated on that stool and be pleased to look towards me."

"I am your servant," said Marcus, in a cheerful voice; and the sitting began.

(To be continued)

THE young Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, best known to English people as the Duke of Albany, has just attained his legal majority—eighteen—and Coburg has held high holiday in honour of her young ruler. The event is interesting to us because Duke Charles Edward is a posthumous son of the late Duke of Albany, and was brought up in England with a view of remaining an English Prince. He was carefully educated at first under the eye of his mother, the Duchess of Albany, at Claremont, then went to a private school, and finally to Eton, where his cousin Prince Arthur of Connaught was his fellow-student. The death of Duke Alfred of Saxe-Coburg's only son brought up the question of succession. The Duke of Connaught was the next heir, but he preferred to remain an Englishman. So did his son Prince Arthur, and accordingly the right passed to the young Duke of Albany, who was formally acknowledged as his uncle's heir, and from that time was constantly in Germany. He holds a commission in the German army, and is a great favourite with Emperor William, being a bright, unaffected young fellow.

\* About 2s. 6d. of English money.

## The Court

KING EDWARD continues to improve rapidly, and the sea-air and change to the lively surroundings in the Solent have done much to hasten his recovery. As the King lies on his couch under the awning on the yacht's deck when fine, or looks out of the pavilion windows if the weather is chilly and dull, there is always much to interest and distract the Royal patient. His Majesty gets up at nine, breakfasts half an hour later, then sees his physicians. The rest of the day is spent as much in the open air as possible, and even when a cold wind blows His Majesty prefers to have the curtains of the awning dropped rather than go inside the pavilion. Occasionally, however, the weather has been so boisterous that he has remained in the pavilion all day. He transacts any necessary business and sees a good many visitors, including King Leopold of Belgium, who crossed over from Ostend in his yacht *Alberta* and stayed the night off Cowes. Better as he is, the King must take every precaution for some time, and doctors and nurses are still in attendance. The wound is nearly healed, and is in most healthy condition, while the King's diet is no longer so restricted. Indeed, it is hoped that when his recovery is complete he will be better than for years past. He certainly looks better, the enforced rest and quiet having been of the greatest benefit after the heavy work of the last few months. Possibly in a few days the King may be allowed out driving, for his motor-car has been sent down to Osborne, and he could enjoy driving in the utmost privacy if he landed at the private pier and kept within the Royal estate, where there are twenty-five miles of road. On Sunday, Divine Service was held on board, the King being present with the Queen and Royal Family, Commodore the Hon. Hedworth Lambton conducting the Service. The Queen rarely goes ashore, but Her Majesty has been out for a short cruise several times in a steam pinnace belonging to the yacht. The Prince of Wales, Princess Victoria, and Prince and Princess Charles are constantly on shore, doing a little shopping in Cowes or walking and cycling.

### THE CORONATION

Now that the Coronation is officially fixed for Saturday, August 9, preparations go on busily. As the function was not postponed till the last minute, everything is fairly ready; but some re-arrangement is needed, owing to the ceremony being curtailed and many of the former guests being absent. By the King's wish, the official decorations will not be put up again, but possibly private individuals will decorate their houses. Nor will so many troops be required, there being no second procession, and probably 30,000 men will suffice to line the route to the Abbey. These, however, will be carefully chosen from every regiment as thoroughly representative of the British Army. Further, the Indians and Colonials are to be at the Coronation—indeed the Canadians, who had gone home, are coming back for the occasion—and a mounted contingent of the Indian force will be among the Royal escort in the procession to the Abbey. The Indian troops are highly delighted that, after all, the King hopes to inspect them before they leave. To avoid over-fatiguing His Majesty it will be quite a private ceremony, possibly in Buckingham Palace grounds. At present it is intended that the King shall remain on board the yacht till the day before the Coronation, when he comes up to the Palace. The Indian review would take place on either the Monday or Tuesday, as the troops go home on the 13th, and immediately after the King will rejoin his yacht at Cowes for the Naval Review, which in all probability will be held on Saturday, August 16.

## The Heligoland to Dover Race

THE yachts which took part in the Heligoland to Dover Coronation

Race were the German Emperor's schooner *Meteor*, 361 tons; Herr G. Watzen's centre-board yawl *Navahoe*, 232 tons; Herr G. Von Bruning's schooner *Lasca*, 225 tons; M. Guillaume's schooner *Clara*, 125 tons; Admiral Thomsen's yawl *Comet*, 170 tons; Herr Huls Chinsky's yawl *Susanne*, 50 tons. Another yacht entered was the *Wanderer*, but she did not start. *Meteor* allowed *Clara* and *Navahoe* two hours, *Lasca* three, *Comet* four, *Susanne* six and *Wanderer* ten hours.

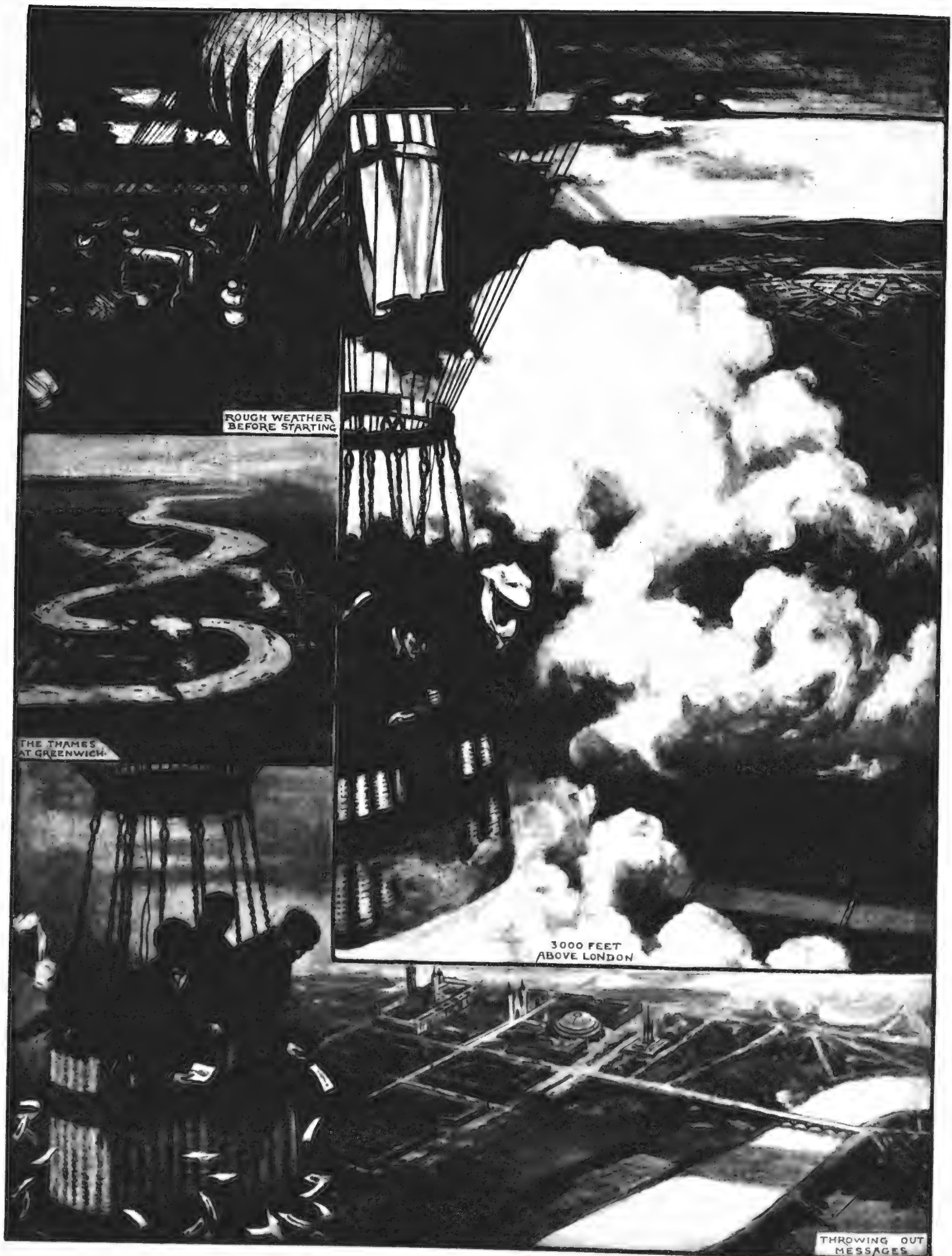
The first five arrived as follows:—

	H. M. S.		H. M. S.
<i>Meteor</i> (second prize)	1 53 14	<i>Clara</i>	4 40 49
<i>Navahoe</i> (third prize)	4 6 8	<i>Comet</i>	7 14 44
<i>Lasca</i> (winner)	4 21 20		

The first prize, a 600-guineas cup was awarded to *Lasca*, who won on her time allowance. *Meteor* received the second prize, and *Navahoe* the third. *Meteor* covered the 300-miles course in just under forty-seven hours. The cup which we illustrate was the second prize, given by Sir Henry Seymour King. It was designed and modelled by Mappin and Webb, Ltd., of Queen Victoria Street, E.C., and Oxford Street, W.



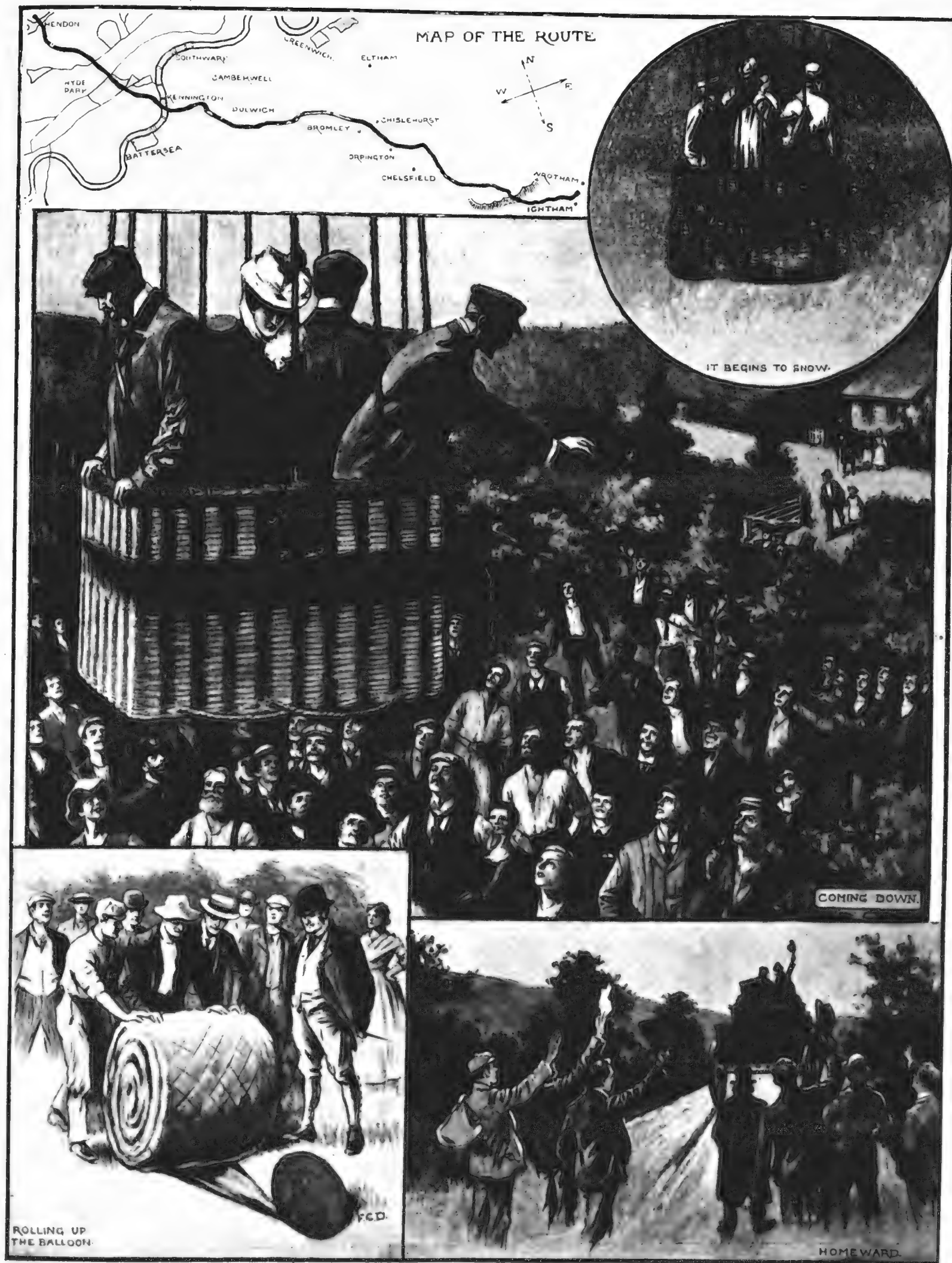
CUP WON BY THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S "METEOR" IN THE HELIGOLAND TO DOVER YACHT RACE



AN AERIAL VOYAGE ACROSS LONDON: A TRIP IN THE "GRAPHIC" BALLOON

DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON





AN AERIAL VOYAGE ACROSS LONDON: A TRIP IN THE "GRAPHIC" BALLOON

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CORPORAL GREEN (1ST V.B. DORSET)  
Winner of the Coronation Prize



SERGEANT HARDCASTLE (3RD V.B. NORTHUMBERLAND F.C.S.)  
Winner of the Prince of Wales's Prize of 100l.



SERGEANT TILNEY (2ND V.B. NORFOLK)  
Winner of the "Daily Graphic" Cup



TROOPER D. SCLANDERS (NATAL CARBINEERS)  
Winner of the Graphic Cup



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL J. HOPTON, M.R.  
Winner of the Wimbledon Cup



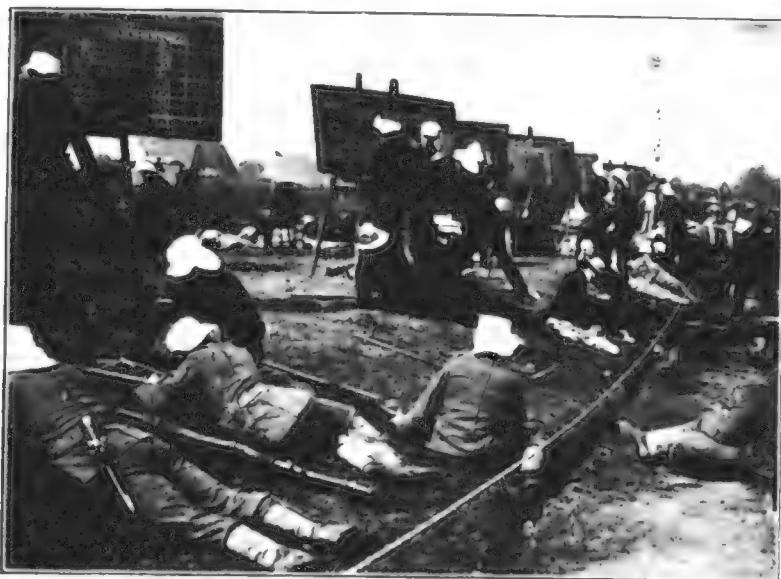
SERGEANT BORAIN (NATAL)  
Who made twenty-two consecutive bull's-eyes in the "Golden Penny" competition at 500 yards



THE FRY, SCHOOLBOYS' COMPETITION



MASTER HYDE  
The smallest competitor at Bisley, who made 61 out of a possible 70



SCORING FOR THE SCHOOLBOYS



SERGEANT MILNER  
Firing the Hypocscope—How to kill without being killed

THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION MEETING AT BISLEY

From photographs by C. Knight, Akershot







AN ARISTOCRAT ANSWERING TO THE SUMMONS TO EXECUTION, PARIS, 1793  
FROM THE PAINTING BY FRANK C. COOPER, EXHIBITED IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY



## Across London in "The Graphic" Balloon

BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST

OUR starting-place was the Welsh Harp at Hendon, and the wind being N.W. we gathered that it would take us nicely across the western end of London. Our balloon was under the able management of Mr. Percival Spencer. A lady and gentlemen and myself completed our little party of four. We rose at a fairly rapid rate, our friends who had seen us off gradually diminishing in size, whilst the land soon became map-like in its flatness. We had not been in our car many minutes before we could discern the Alexandra Palace on our left, and after passing over Cricklewood and Hampstead, Hyde Park came within our range of view. The panorama that spread beneath us was now assuming a most interesting aspect, and we soon became busily occupied—Mr. Spencer with his camera, and myself with my sketchbook. By this time we were immediately above Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens. Towards the east the dome of St. Paul's rose from out the smoky city around, to the N.E. lay Regent's Park, and, near by, Lord's Cricket Ground, where we could see a match in progress, whilst westwards the Great Wheel was the prominent feature. Gradually making our way south, we crossed Piccadilly. Passing over the Green Park, we reached Buckingham Palace, getting a splendid view from our car of the beautiful grounds. For some time we had been gradually descending, and as we were getting somewhat nearer the chimney-stacks than seemed desirable, Mr. Spencer threw out some ballast, and we immediately rose, drifting across the river by Westminster. It was now about four o'clock, and we were some 3,000 feet from the ground, whilst the balloon had risen so high that we were above the low-lying clouds. All around lay a sea of white cloud; a break immediately beneath enabling us to catch a glimpse of Westminster and the river thrown into deepest shadow by the curtain above. The water of the Brent Reservoir was glistening like silver, and the stretch of bright country formed a most striking contrast to the murky city below. By the time this bank of clouds was passed we discovered that we were above Denmark Hill and now had an excellent view of the river winding its way from the Tower Bridge past Greenwich towards Gravesend and the sea. In the intervals of sketching and taking snap-shots we amused ourselves by throwing out messages to the people below, and postcards with requests to the finder to post them to the GRAPHIC Office, telling us where and when they were found. The next morning they all reached us, with the time and place duly mentioned. The wind was now taking us in a south-easterly direction, and at 4.17 p.m. we discovered we were passing over Chislehurst Common. On nearing Orpington Station we were drifting so low that our trailing rope was dragging on the ground, but not being anxious to descend just yet, Mr. Spencer lightened the balloon a little, and in a short while we again found ourselves up in the clouds. But this time it was not quite so pleasant, for on rising to a height of 4,000 feet it became bitterly cold and we encountered a snowstorm. After enduring it for about half an hour, and it still continuing, we let out some gas from the balloon so that we might descend into a milder and more pleasant atmosphere. In drifting downwards we noticed a very curious illusion: the pace in our descent was greater than that of the snow, so that the flakes had the strange appearance of falling upwards. We now drifted on past Chislefield, Halstead and Otford, towards Igham. As it was nearly five o'clock we thought the time had come for us to descend, so began looking about for a suitable field in which to land. Immediately below were bushes and trees in profusion, but ahead, by Boro' Green Station, we discerned some open fields which would suit our purpose admirably. However, as we were slowly making our way towards them, the wind suddenly changed and blew us back. By this time our ballast was almost exhausted, so there was nothing for it but to descend. Beneath us lay a large nut orchard, and as the trees were smaller than those adjacent, Mr. Spencer thought that we could not do better than land at once, so he opened the balloon valve, and we came down very comfortably between two trees. For some time the villagers of the district had taken great interest in our search for a landing-place, and as we drifted had followed us along the roads and byways, the crowd growing as it went. We could not, however, deflate and pack our balloon amongst so many trees, so Mr. Spencer asked some of the men to push us off again up into the air. Then, by means of the guiding-rope, we were pulled over the tree-tops and across the seed-sown fields to an open pasturage close by. In about twenty minutes the silken case was rolled up and neatly packed into the basket, and a cart having been engaged, we drove off to Boro' Green Station amid the cheers of the populace.

## The Theatres

"LES DEUX ECOLES" AT THE GARRICK

If for no other reason than the opportunity of seeing Madame Granier and the Company from the Théâtre des Variétés in fresh rôles, one would have been glad to go to the Garrick again this week, but there is also the opportunity of seeing a thoroughly amusing, if not entirely novel, French farce, and that also another work by M. Alfred Capus, the clever author of *La Veine*. Everyone who remembers with gratitude the amusement afforded them in days gone by *Divorçons* should hasten to the Garrick to see this up-to-date version of the same story, for that is what it amounts to. But M. Capus's work is always interesting and convincing, however well worn the theme he works on. Almost too French for an English audience, one thing which makes the play interesting is that so real are the motives for the

actions of all the people that though one sees a very amusing farce, one may see also a problem play more lightly and dexterously touched than by an Ibsen or a Hauptmann; in fact, as might have been expected from a Frenchman—a technical masterpiece.

"BETSY" AT WYNDHAM'S

At Wyndham's Theatre, Sir Francis Burnand's *Betsy* has been revived with an excellent cast, including Mr. James Welch, Miss Kitty Loftus and Mr. Alfred Bishop. This piece is a rendering of the *Bébé* of MM. Hennequin and De Najac, produced at the Gymnase-Dramatique on March 10, 1877, and was produced at the Criterion on August 6, 1879. In the interval it has very considerably aged, and while the humour of the original largely evaporated in the adaptation, the old-fashioned technique and liberal asides irritate now more than they used to twenty odd years since. *Betsy*, in point of fact, belongs to the "rabbit-warren" order of farce, and is chiefly interesting as showing how very real has been the advance since such plays drew all London and made all London laugh.



The statue of Gordon which is to stand by the Palace of Khartoum, where Gordon fell, was unveiled last week by the Duke of Cambridge. Among those present at the ceremony were Lord Kitchener, whose suggestion it was that this statue—a replica of the one which the late Mr. Onslow Ford designed for Chatham—should be erected at Khartoum, Lord Glenesk, to whose energy the realisation of Lord Kitchener's conception has been due, Slatin Pasha, the Duchess of Somerset, General Sir Henry Trotter, Lord and Lady Wemyss, Miss Kitchener, the Hon. Oliver Northwick, Sir John and Lady Wolfe Barry, &c. The statue is standing temporarily in the open space between St. Martin's Church and the National Portrait Gallery.

THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE UNVEILING THE NEW STATUE OF GORDON

DRAWN BY J. DUNCAN



LORD OSSLOW  
(Under Sec. for Colonies)

SIR EDMUND BARTON  
(Australian Commonwealth)

SIR MONTAGU OMMANEY  
(Permanent Under Sec. for Colonies)

MR. CHAMBERLAIN

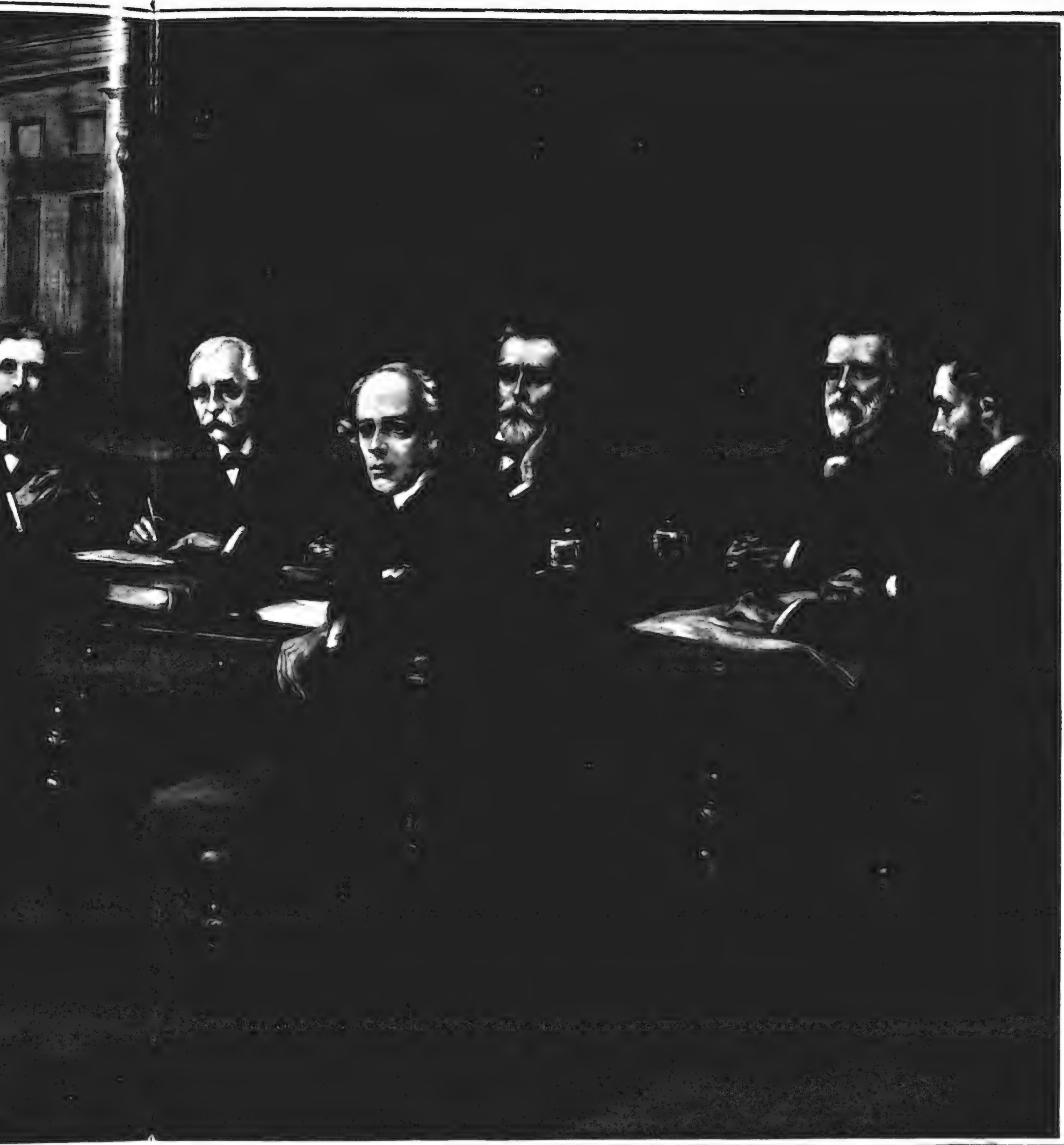
SIR ROBERT BOND  
(Newfoundland)

SIR A. H. HIME  
(Natal)

THE EMPIRE BUILDERS: A MEETING OF THE COLONIAL CONFERENCE IN 1932

DRAWN BY W. T. MAUD





RT BOND  
(Ireland)

SIR A. H. HIME  
(Natal)

SIR WILFRID LAURIER  
(Canada)

SIR J. GORDON SPRIGG  
(Cape Colony)

MR. R. J. SEDDON  
(New Zealand)

SIR JOHN ANDERSON  
(Secretary to Conference)

IAL CONFERENCE IN MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S ROOM AT THE COLONIAL OFFICE

DRAWN BY W. T. MAUD

## Our Portraits

THE Hon. Sir Arthur Lawley, K.C.M.G., has been appointed Lieutenant-Governor of the Transvaal. Sir Arthur Lawley was Administrator of Matabeleland from 1898 to 1901, and since 1901 has been Governor of Western Australia, where he filled a difficult position with great tact, and has been very popular with the mining population. He is a younger brother of Baron Wenlock, and married in 1885 the daughter of Sir Edward Cunard, Bart. He is now in his forty-second year. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry.

The Rev. John Shaw Banks, of Leeds, who succeeds Dr. W. T. Davison in the Presidency of the Wesleyan Conference, is a Yorkshireman by birth. He was born in Sheffield in 1835, so is sixty-seven years of age. He received his education and training in Birmingham, and it was in the same city that he commenced his public life. He has a wide reputation among scholars and Biblical critics as a man of sound learning and high attainments, who has read widely and thought deeply, who has stood by the old landmarks and yet kept well abreast of the criticism of the new age. The first nine years of his public life were spent in India during the dark days of the Mutiny. During these years he made a careful study of the religions of India and the literature and philosophy of the East. On the death of his wife in 1865 he returned home and instantly took high rank among the preachers and missionary advocates of the day. His first appointment in the

Somerset in 1828, he was educated at Eton and Exeter College, Oxford, and by the time he was twenty-three duly installed in orders as curate of Great Tew. In 1853 he went back to Eton as a master, and stayed there nine years. From 1862 until 1874 he was vicar of Sturminster, Dorset. Then he came to London, set up for himself in the publishing business and has been a publisher ever since. His published works include a translation of *Faust*, a life of Godwin, an edition of the letters of Mary Woolstonecraft, and a little volume of verse. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry.

By the death of Mr. W. Johnston, M.P.—Johnston of Ballykilbeg, as he was always known—the House of Commons has lost a familiar and a popular figure. He was born in 1829, and graduated M.A. of Trinity College, Dublin, in 1856. He was called to the Irish Bar, and was for some time Inspector of Irish Fisheries. He represented Belfast from 1868 to 1878, and South Belfast from 1885 until his death. Mr. Johnston, who was well known for his championship of Protestantism, was honorary secretary of the Committee of Irish Unionist members, and took a prominent part in connection with the work of the chief Orange lodges in the North of Ireland. He was an occasional contributor to the *Daily Graphic*, and the author of several novels. Our portrait is by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

Mr. John William Mackay, president of the Commercial Cable Company, and one of the richest men of the United States, had

of Wales, in 1876; public gardens, gasworks, a hospital, whose dispensaries are distributed throughout the State, an observatory, a College for English education, a Sanskrit College, an Oriental College, and, last, but not least, a school for women. The Maharajah, who is of very ancient lineage, was created a K.G.C.S.I. in 1888, and G.C.I.E. in the year 1901, and is entitled to a salute of twenty-one guns, the highest number allowed to any Prince in India. As showing the keen interest which he takes in Imperial matters, he offered to raise, equip, and maintain a Transport Corps, which would be at the entire disposal of the British Government at any time when emergency arose. This handsome offer was accepted, and the corps was organised in 1890. It has twice been summoned to go on active service—once in 1894, when it went with the force which proceeded to the relief of Chitral, and again in 1897 for the Tirah Campaign.

Seyyid Ali Bin Hamoud, the new Sultan of Zanzibar, is a boy of seventeen, and a son of the late Sultan. He succeeds to the throne not in virtue of hereditary right or of family seniority, but exclusively by the selection of the suzerain power. Hitherto the Mohammedan law of succession, which provides that the oldest member of the reigning house should be the heir apparent, has been followed in Zanzibar, but the rebellion on the occasion of the accession of the late Sultan rendered it necessary—if annexation was to be avoided—that the Pretender Khaled should be excluded, and that the succession should be assured to a prince favourable to the



THE HON. SIR A. LAWLEY, K.C.M.G.  
Lieut.-Governor of the Transvaal



SEYYID ALI BIN HAMOUD  
New Sultan of Zanzibar



THE MAHARAJAH OF JAIPUR  
Who gave £5,000 to the King's Hospital Fund



SURGEON A. R. BANKART, R.N.  
Surgeon of the Royal Yacht Osborne



THE LATE MR. J. W. MACKAY  
American Millionaire



THE REV. J. SHAW BANKS  
New President of the Wesleyan Conference



MADAME DU GAST  
Who was insulted in the Palais de Justice, Paris



THE LATE MR. C. KEGAN PAUL  
Publisher



THE LATE MR. W. JOHNSTON  
The popular M.P.

home work was Plymouth, and afterwards he laboured in London, Manchester, Dewsbury and Glasgow. During the last twenty-two years he has held the Chair of Theology in the Headingly Institution for the training of Junior Ministers, and for fourteen years he has been Chairman of the Leeds district. In that capacity he has been brought into touch with the public eye of the city. The Leeds Mission owes almost everything to his energy, Evangelical zeal and skilful generalship. He has also occupied a prominent place as Chairman of the Methodist Council and the Leeds Free Church Council. In 1881 Mr. Banks was elected to a place in the Legal Hundred, and has now received the highest honour it is in the power of the Conference to confer. Our portrait is by A. and G. Taylor, Manchester.

Surgeon Arthur Reginald Bankart, R.N., M.B., M.V.O., whose signature now appears on the bulletins issued from the King's yacht *Victoria and Albert*, is surgeon of the Royal yacht *Osborne*. Dr. Bankart attended the Khedive while under treatment on board that vessel in July, 1900, and received the Order of the Osmanieh of the Fourth Class. Our portrait is by Russell and Sons, Southsea.

A remarkable and interesting man has passed away in the person of Mr. Charles Kegan Paul, the publisher. He began life as a clergyman of the Church of England, and became in turn an Agnostic, a Positivist, and then a Roman Catholic. Born in

been unwell for some days, but his sudden death was quite unexpected. He was born in Dublin in 1831, and emigrated to New York when a boy. He went to the Western States subsequently, and his speculations in mining brought him immense wealth. He established, with the aid of Mr. Gordon Bennett, the Commercial Cable Company.

The Maharajah of Jaipur is one of the most famous of the Indian Princes who came to the Coronation of King Edward VII., and is held in high estimation by the Indian and Home Governments. He has presented no less than 5,000l. to the King's Hospital Fund, and has given two millions of rupees to the Permanent Famine Fund, which was founded at his suggestion in India. During the twenty-two years since his Highness became the ruler of that important State he has proved himself to be a wise, capable and enlightened administrator. His State, says his biographer, Sansar Chander Sen, a member of the Council of Jaipur, in a little book printed at the Rajputana Mission Press, "has prospered greatly under his able direction—so much so that it has been declared to be by more than one competent authority one of the best governed States in India. Again and again his Highness has received marks of distinction from the British Government, signifying their appreciation of his efforts to advance the interests, not only of his own country, but of India." Jaipur, the capital of his State, has an "Albert Hall," the foundation-stone of which was laid by King Edward VII., when Prince

present political condition of the Sultanate. Accordingly Seyyid Ali was chosen, and was brought to England to be educated. His school days have been passed at Harrow. He was appointed to represent Zanzibar at the Coronation Festivities, but on the postponement of the Coronation he was ordered to proceed to Zanzibar. Until the new Sultan reaches his majority, which has been fixed at twenty-one, the nominal Government of the Sultanate will be in the hands of a regency, the chief member of which will be the Premier, Mr. Rogers. Seyyid Ali is, in accordance with Oriental custom, already married, his Sultana being a Princess of the Royal House, eleven years of age. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry.

Madame Crespin du Gast has figured very largely of late owing to an incident which happened in a trial some time since. On that occasion, during a case in which Madame du Gast was concerned, an advocate, Maitre Barbour, passed round a photograph of an undraped but masked model, announcing that it was the lady in question. This statement was subsequently disproved, and Madame du Gast and her friends, much incensed at what they justly considered an outrage, brought an action against the advocate. Among the lady's champions, the most prominent has been the Prince Helie de Sagan, who first struck Maitre Barbour, and has now challenged him. The advocate, however, declares that he will not fight, and is desirous of having the matter dealt with by the law. Our portrait is by Disdéri, Paris.





BY PERMISSION OF THE BERLIN PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY

PORTRAIT OF AN OLD WOMAN  
FROM THE PAINTING BY REMBRANDT IN THE HERMITAGE GALLERY, ST. PETERSBURG



THE FOUR SEASONS: "SUMMER"

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL



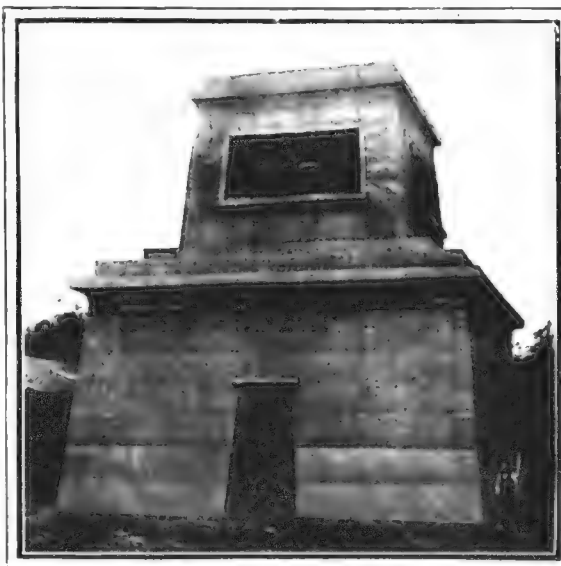
## The Colonial Conference

THE present Conference of Colonial Premiers is the fourth meeting of its kind which has taken place during the last fifteen years. It is the most important administrative illustration of that closer union of the various dependencies of the Crown with the Mother Country which gave so striking a proof of its moral genuineness and sincerity during the South African War. Our Colonial Empire and Colonial policy have passed through many changes and vicissitudes, but the period of Greater Britain has now definitely arrived, in British history, and nothing illustrates its practical significance so much as the Colonial Conference movement.

The first of these assemblies was convened in 1887 by Mr. E. Stanhope, and met in London on the occasion of the late Queen's Jubilee. Sir Henry Holland, who had succeeded Mr. Stanhope as Colonial Secretary, presided, and the proceedings were opened by Lord Salisbury. Important results were achieved. An arrangement was arrived at by which the Australian Colonies agreed to contribute to the support of the squadron in Australasian waters. Colonial participation in the administration of New Guinea was provided for. Combined action by the Imperial Government and the Government of Cape Colony for the fortification of Table Bay was agreed upon, and an understanding on the New Hebrides Question was reached. Besides these actual results, the foundation for future work was laid by the discussion of a multitude of other inter-Imperial questions which were not then ripe for settlement. The Conference, however, fully proved its utility, and showed not only that there was a genuine desire in the Colonies to strengthen their ties with the Mother Country, but also that the means of strengthening them were practicable. Seven years later another Conference was held. This time the scene was at Ottawa. It was more properly an Intercolonial than an Imperial Conference, but it was attended by an Imperial representative in the person of the Earl of Jersey, and this fact assimilated it to the 1887 meeting. The Governor-General of Canada, Lord Aberdeen, presided. The programme was much briefer than that of the previous Conference, but the questions discussed were of larger scope. They were: (1) a Pacific Cable; (2) Imperial trade relations; and (3) steamship communication between Great Britain, Canada and Australia. Preliminary steps were resolved upon for the construction of a Pacific cable, but the most important result of the Conference was the adoption of a series of resolutions calling for a preferential tariff system within the Empire, and requesting that any impediments to such a system which might exist in treaties or otherwise should be removed. The arrival of Mr. Chamberlain at the Colonial Office infused fresh life into the movement for Imperial Union, and the occasion of the Diamond Jubilee in 1897 was eagerly seized by both the new Colonial Secretary and the Colonial Premiers to meet once again in council.



EARL CADOGAN  
Who has resigned the Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland after holding the office since 1895



A plaster model of the mausoleum which will be erected in the Matopos, to contain the remains of the late Cecil Rhodes, has been constructed by Mr. John Tweed, at Chelsea. The building, which is of colossal proportions, will be constructed of block granite, the cost of which alone will probably amount to 20,000 £. It will be entered by four massive doors of copper, on the four sides; at the top will be inserted the huge panels which Mr. Rhodes desired to erect to the memory of Major Allan Wilson and his ill-fated party, who were massacred by the forces of Lobengula some years ago.

MODEL OF THE RHODES MAUSOLEUM TO BE ERECTED IN THE MATOPPOS

The meeting was presided over by Mr. Chamberlain. The results were considerable. In pursuance of a resolution passed by the Conference, the German and Belgian Treaties of Commerce were denounced and a tariff preference to British goods was accorded by the Dominion of Canada. The Federation of Australia was largely helped by this Conference. Imperial Penny Postage and the Pacific Cable were advanced further stages and a resolution was passed which resulted in 1900 in opening Colonial stock to investments of Trust Funds.

The programme of the present Conference has not been officially published, but it is understood that the questions dealt with are chiefly Imperial Defence, Imperial Trade Relations, an Imperial Court of Appeal, the Government of the islands of the Pacific, the extension of Penny Postage to Australia, an improved steamship service and triennial Imperial conferences. There are, of course, many other questions of minor interest which will come before the Conference, and it is probably in regard to them that the actual results will be accomplished. From the speeches made in public by the Colonial Premiers it is clear that the question of the trade relations of the Empire is not yet ripe for settlement, while on the subject of a uniform scheme of Imperial Defence it is notorious that the Colonies are not in agreement among themselves. All the delegates, however, bring to the Conference a stronger Imperial spirit than ever. There are no stancher Imperialists among our home-bred Jingoists than Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Sir Edmund Barton, and Mr. Seddon. The soul of the gathering is, however, the Colonial Secretary, Mr. Chamberlain, who for the second time presides over what is in all human probability the nucleus of a Parliament of the Anglo-Saxon race. No man has done more than he to promote the unification of the Empire. He is the first great statesman of Greater Britain, and we may rest assured that under his wise and inspiring auspices the Conference will add very substantially to the work of translating the vivid aspirations of British and Colonial Imperialists into an administrative reality.

## Lord Cadogan

LORD CADOGAN, whose resignation is now announced, has been very popular in Dublin ever since he took up his high position in the summer of 1895. He was but little known then in Ireland, although in England he had made his name in the political world. He began his public career as M.P. for Bath, for which place he was returned in 1873. He did not sit in the House of Commons, however, for more than a few months, for soon after his election he was called to the Upper House, on the death of his father. But the promotion did not interfere with his pursuing the career he had chosen, and in 1875 he became Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for War. After three years in that position he gathered more experience by being made Parliamentary Under-Secretary for the Colonies. From 1886 to 1892 he was Lord Privy Seal. And when the present Government came into power he was selected as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.

## Our Supplements

### "PORTRAIT OF AN OLD WOMAN"

OF Rembrandt's many studies of old age, none are so touching, as well as so truthful, as the numerous pictures he has given us of certain old women. It is the fashion in the case of the portraits of un-named old ladies of a certain well-known Dutch type, for the half-skilled in Rembrandt's work to denominate them all "Portrait of his Mother," quite irrespective of the evidence offered by dates. Such is the case in the picture before the reader. At the gallery of the Hermitage in St. Petersburg there are among the great collection of Rembrandt's work in that superb collection three pictures numbered respectively 804, 805, and 806, and each of them has at one time been called without any show of authority "Portrait of Rembrandt's Mother." As this picture was painted in 1654, when that lady had been some years dead, it was quite impossible that it could represent her, and Rembrandt was far too much interested in what he saw day by day before him to paint a posthumous portrait. Moreover, this picture (805) is not like the undoubted portraits of his parent. It has been hazarded by M. Emile Michel and other writers that this study may represent the mother of Hendricke Stoffels, who was Rembrandt's housekeeper, and sat for many of his figures. The picture is signed and dated on the left, "Rembrandt fecit, 1654"—that is to say, one of his busy years, in which we know he produced at least nine portraits and two subject-pictures. It figured both in the Baudouin and the Empress Catherine II. collections, and may probably be traced as the picture which figured previously in the Van de Marck, the Montesquieu, and Calonne collections.

### "AN ARISTOCRAT ANSWERING THE SUMMONS TO EXECUTION, PARIS, 1793"

It is hardly necessary to remind the reader of the story of the Reign of Terror, when, while Robespierre was in power, numbers of the aristocracy were sent daily to the guillotine by the tribunal which was no longer under the reproach of having "hampered itself with lawyer-like forms." The Massacres of September, it is true, atrocities as they were, were committed with some appearance of orderliness and legality, but the fierce hatred of the class which afterwards became *Les Jeunes Gens*, or *La Jeunesse Dorée*, and which in due time was to crush the Jacobin Club as much by their loaded bludgeons as by political opinions, sent patrician after patrician to his grave with cruel enjoyment. It became a sign of their order that the victims should go to their death in such a way as to inspire respect, or at least amazement, in their tyrants. Thus Mr. Frank C. Cowper has represented a typical youth who would walk to the scaffold clad in dandy dress and with an heroic swagger, while swinging his cane and taking a pinch of snuff.

### "SUMMER"

Mr. Hassall's picture, "Summer," which forms our third supplement this week, is the third in the series of four clever water-colour drawings representing the seasons. The first, "Winter," was published as a supplement to our issue of February 1, and the second, "Spring," appeared on May 3. The last one, "Autumn," will follow in due course. Mr. Hassall is too well known to readers of THE GRAPHIC to need introduction. There is a freshness and an originality about all his work that is delightful, and he is particularly happy when delineating children in flat tints such as here.



A HANDSOME TROPHY

This International Cup was given by Lord Chief Justice O'Brien to be rowed for at Cork on the 21st, 22nd, and 23rd of the month. Our photograph is by Lafayette, Dublin.



MODEL OF THE STATUE OF CECIL RHODES  
By Mr. John Tweed, to be erected at Bulawayo



THOMAS O'SBORNE, FIRST DUKE OF LEEDS  
FROM THE PAINTING AT 10, DOWNING STREET

### Memories of Downing Street

THE American Ambassador, when recently returning thanks for the toast of the Ambassadors at the Guildhall Banquet, had some interesting and amusing things to say about Downing Street. Mr. Choate claimed that he knew more about Downing Street than any of his colleagues. "The truth is," he said, "that Downing Street, if it may be called a street at all—which I somewhat doubt—is altogether an American street, and, however the representatives of other nations may feel, we are entirely at home there. I will show you how it is an American street, and how it derives its origin and its history from the earliest periods of the English colonies in America. I doubt whether many within sound of my voice know why it is called Downing Street. Now, at the school which I had the good fortune to attend, I am afraid to say how many years ago, in Massachusetts—the best colony that was ever planted under the English flag, and planted in the best way, because you drove them out to shift for themselves—at that school, over the archway of entrance, there were inscribed the words *Schola publica prima*—the first school organised in Massachusetts—and underneath was inscribed the name of George Downing, the first pupil of that school. Then in Harvard College we find him a graduate of that institution in the first year that it sent any youths into the world, the year 1642. He soon found his way to England. He became the chaplain of Colonel Oakey's army under Cromwell, and he soon began to display the most extraordinary facilities in the art of diplomacy of any man of his day. And when the Restoration came, he practised his wily arts upon the merry Monarch, and induced him to send him again as Ambassador to The Hague. Three great triumphs in diplomacy—all by one man. In those days, when the King shuffled his cards—and I believe he shuffled them very often—changes of office took place as if by magic, and he who had

been in the Foreign Office was transferred to the War Office, and he who had been in the Board of Works was transferred to the Home Office, with the same happy facility with which those changes now take place by the mere nod of the Prime Minister. Downing seems to have had opportunities which none of Her Majesty's present Ministers enjoy—he made lots of money, and, finally, he induced the Merry Monarch to grant him a great tract of land at Westminster, provided—or so the grant ran—that the houses to be built upon the premises so near to the Royal Palace shall be handsome and graceful. Finally he died, and by his will he devised his mansion and estates and farm at Westminster to his children, and now they are long since gone, leaving no wrack behind except a little bit of ground 100 yards long and twenty yards wide, sometimes narrowing to ten, which bears still his illustrious name. It is the smallest and at the same time the greatest street in the world, because it lies at the hub of the gigantic wheel which encircles the globe under the name of the British Empire."

This speech, widely read all over England, called forth from Mr. Stevens, the Rector of East Hatley and Vicar of Tadlow, in Cambridgeshire, a letter to the *Times*, wherein he pointed out that Mr. Choate's assertion that the family of Downing had left no wrack behind except the small street was not quite accurate, as it overlooked the fact that Downing College, Cambridge, was founded by a grandson of the man who gave his name to the street. Sir George Downing, Bart., of Gamlingay, in Cambridgeshire, the founder of Downing College, Cambridge, was born in the first year of King James II.'s reign, and died in 1749, when George II. was King. Sir George was married, when only fifteen, to a cousin, Mary Forester, who was only thirteen, but the youthful couple never lived together, and when the bridegroom had arrived at years of discretion he tried, but in vain, to have the marriage annulled. By his will his large estates were to pass to certain relatives in succession, and if they all died without issue a college, to be named Downing College, was to be founded in Cambridge. The relatives did all so die, and in 1764 the Court of Chancery pronounced this rather remarkable will to be binding.

The Downing of Mr. Choate's speech, says Mr. Stevens, was a maker of English history, for he inspired the Navigation Act, the foundation of our mercantile marine, and consequently of our Navy, and of our Colonies and spheres of influence. He was also the



SIR HORACE WALPOLE, AFTERWARDS EARL OF ORFORD  
FROM THE PAINTING AT 10, DOWNING STREET

adopted by all our self-governing Colonies. And so Mr. Stevens claims for him more serious treatment than he received in the American Ambassador's speech. He was buried in 1684 in Croydon Church, Cambridgeshire, "by the side of his wife in sheep's wool only," and other Downings lie in the same vault. The Downing family owned immense estates, says Mr. Stevens, besides the whole of his two parishes in Cambridgeshire.

In 1698 Downing Street was described as being a "pretty open place, especially at the upper end, where are four or five very large and well-built houses fit for persons of honour and quality, each house having a pleasant prospect into St. James's Park with a Terrace walk." In the *Daily Courant* of February 26, 1722, these large houses were advertised as "to be let together or apart by lease from Lady Day next," and they were described as "having coachhouses and stables and their back fronts to St. James's Park, and with a large Terrace walk before them next the Park. Inquiry was to be made of 'Charles Downing, Esquire, Red Lion Street.'"

Aubrey de Vere, the last Earl of the ancient race of the Earls of Oxford, died in Downing Street in 1703, and Sir Robert Walpole occupied one of the houses from the Crown as a residence for the First Lord of the Treasury, to which post he got it annexed for ever. The *Leicester Daily Post* of September 23, 1735, announced among its fashionable intelligence that "Yesterday, the Right Hon. Sir Robert Walpole, with his Lady and family, removed from their house in St. James's Square to his new house adjoining to the Treasury in St. James's Park." In 1742 we find the famous Horace Walpole himself writing from Downing Street to Sir H. Mann. "I am writing to you," says Horace, "in one of the charming rooms towards the Park; it is a delightful evening and I am willing to enjoy this sweet corner while I may for we are sorry to quit it."



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ful evening and I am willing to enjoy this sweet corner while I may for we are sorry to quit it."



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Sir Robert Walpole was the first Premier who made it his home during office. Lord North, Pitt, Lord Grey, Lord Melbourne, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Beaconsfield, and Mr. Gladstone have all either lived in Downing Street or used it during business hours. At No. 14, Downing Street—one of the long-vanished houses—Lord Nelson and the Duke of Wellington met for the first and only time in their lives. No. 14 was then part of the Colonial Office, and it was in a small waiting-room that the two heroes—both desiring an interview with the Secretary of State—found themselves together. The Duke—then Sir Arthur Wellesley—knew Nelson from his pictures; Nelson did not know Sir Arthur, but was so struck with his conversation that he stepped out of the room to inquire who he was.

### Club Comments

BY "MARMADUKE"

"It is the expected unexpectedly fulfilled." In that neat phrase a well-known Liberal Unionist member has—in conversation—described the resignation of Lord Salisbury.

Mr. Arthur Balfour is Premier, and Mr. Joseph Chamberlain is not; that is the net result. Mr. Chamberlain is undoubtedly the strongest politician of the times, two-thirds of the Imperialist party in the House are prepared to follow him, and he has great personal influence throughout the country. On the other hand, many Conservatives in the House and out of it would have been opposed to his assuming the Leadership of the Party. Therefore, Mr. Arthur Balfour as Premier causes the least friction, the more so that he was the rightful heir to the position.

Everyone can make a Cabinet except the Prime Minister himself! At every dinner-table and at every club in the West End the wise, and especially the unwise, are making Cabinets for Mr. Balfour; meanwhile the latter is painfully producing the real thing. Some Ministers have resigned, others have to be induced to resign; others, again, have to be induced not to resign. Then candidates for office are twice as numerous as there are vacancies, and a hundred and one interests have to be considered. The thought, the judgment, the tact that have to be employed in the operation of Cabinet-making is enormous, and the result is generally disappointing to the public.

A Colonial representative who is at present in London, having been asked what has most surprised him during his visit, has replied that nothing astonishes him more than the number of old curiosity shops the town contains. "How can they all earn a livelihood for those who keep them?" he asks. Go wherever you will, in the rich and in the poor districts, in central London and in the suburbs, there are not one but many such shops. There must be thousands of them, and yet new ones are continually being opened. A dealer declares that there are now a hundred old curiosity shops in London to every one there was twenty years ago!

### The Week in Parliament

BY HENRY W. LUCY

WITH what Mr. Balfour calls "the suspension of the present part of the Session" within measurable distance there is an appalling amount of work to be got through. Three extra sittings have been



Cardinal Ledochowski, Prefect of the Sacred Congregation de Propaganda Fide, who has just died in Rome, was born in 1822, near Sandomir, in Russian Poland, of an old Polish noble family. After studying at the Jesuit College in Rome, he entered Holy Orders in 1845. From the outset of his sacerdotal career he enjoyed the favour of Pope Pius IX., and was employed by him on various missions. In 1865 he was chosen Archbishop of Posen and Gnesen, and rendered himself conspicuous by his opposition to the Polish nationalist movement, which was fostered by many of the priests of his diocese. When, in 1870, however, he went to Versailles, and found his attempt to secure the support of the Emperor William I. in favour of the Papal Temporal power frustrated by that monarch, the Archbishop took the lead in the Ultramontane opposition in Prussia, and espoused the cause of Polish national aspirations. He was even subjected to several fines and two years' imprisonment for his opposition to the Kultur policy of the Prussian Government, and in 1874 was dismissed from his archbishopric. He was made a cardinal in 1875, and in 1876, on his release from prison, proceeded to Rome. In 1892 he was appointed Prefect of the Propaganda.

CARDINAL LEDOCHOWSKI

allotted to Supply, which must be closed before the adjournment. It is intended to bring in the Appropriation Bill before the holidays, a procedure of itself involving the allotment of a sitting. One other day will be used up by the Opposition for discussion on the

motion for the holidays, that being a form of resolution upon which all things in the heavens above, the earth beneath, and the water under the earth may be discoursed upon at large. The Premier in that sanguine spirit peculiar to Ministers, hopes also to work in one day for the London Water Bill. Nothing, however, will be permitted to stand in the way of the adjournment taking place on August 8, in anticipation of the Coronation of the 9th.

Meanwhile the Education Bill still holds the floor, but does not appreciably move over it. The Committee is now on Clause 7 which deals with the crucial question of the management of Elementary Schools. On this matter a fundamental change has taken place since the Bill was introduced. The earlier form of Clause 7 has disappeared, Mr. Balfour introducing a new Clause designed to some extent to meet the demand of the Opposition in the direction of extending local authority. Honestly designed as a concession, it has had no effect in modifying the asperity of the Opposition. It is fought just as stubbornly as the old one would have been. It must be said that opposition is encouraged by evidence of irresolution on the Treasury Bench. Twenty-four hours after the Premier had placed a new Clause 7 on the Paper there appeared a new version.

His Majesty's Opposition, long riven with internal dissensions on the subject of the war, are rejoicing in their new condition of unity. To the outside public debate on the Education Bill is caviare. The intensity of interest really created by the measure is testified to by the crowded attendance. Divisions are rarely taken on an aggregate falling below four hundred. A muster of three hundred is regarded as an attempt on one side or another to snatch advantage. On the Front Opposition Bench is presented the unfamiliar scene of Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Bryce, Sir Henry Fowler, and Sir Edward Grey sitting shoulder to shoulder ready to take part in the debate. Below the Gangway Mr. Lloyd George leads with innumerable speeches, echoed in flatter note by Mr. Channing seated above the Gangway.

As for the Ministerialists, word has been passed round that they will best serve their leaders and their cause by refraining from taking part in the debate. The whole burden of the defence of the Bill falls upon the Prime Minister. Time was when Mr. Arthur Balfour was accused, even on his own side, of shirking the duty imperative to a Leader of the House of Commons, of being constantly in his place. In Committee on the Education Bill he is a martyr to the call of duty. He is at his post when the Bill goes into Committee; he not only remains to listen to every speech, but rises personally to reply upon every amendment. On the first night he assumed the work of the Premiership he showed disposition to delegate in fuller measure than heretofore conduct of the Bill to the nominal Minister of Education. This week Sir John Gorst has relapsed into his former condition of silent observation, Mr. Balfour doing all the speech-making. What this means, what strain it is upon mental and physical resources, is only known to those who, in less responsible position, find it their duty to sit through the long hours of afternoon and night following the debate. *Experientia docet.*

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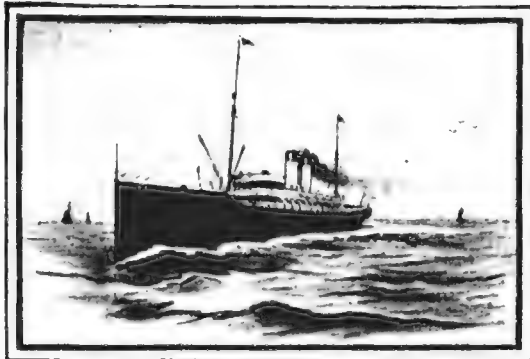
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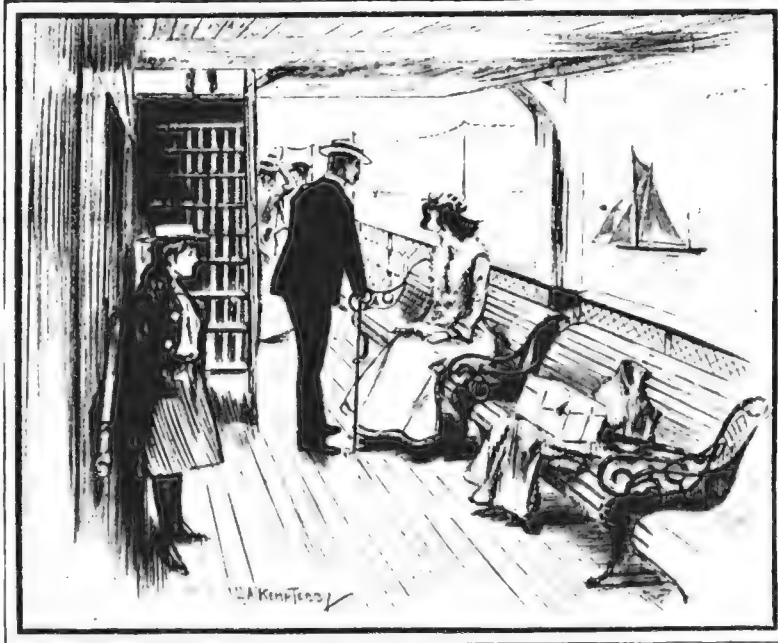
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### Our Bookshelf

#### "THE NEW CHRISTIANS"

OF the portraiture of new Tartufes there is no end—whatever the reason may be. Mr. Percy White, in his story of "The New Christians," of Wigpole Street (Hutchinson and Co.), has studied the type under the aspect of one Eustace Fenner, "author of 'Spiritual Evolution,' editor of *Torch of Faith and Science*," and

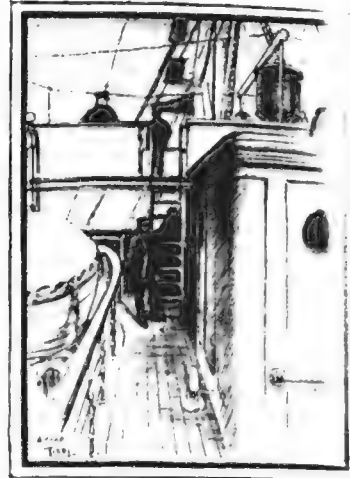


THE PROMENADE DECK OF THE S.S. "BRUSSELS"

the spiritual director of fashionable ladies in search of a faith that should be at once high-flown without being inconvenient, and sensational without being vulgar. The religion of which Eustace Fenner was the elegant and eloquent apostle is described by an outer infidel as "a creed invented, demonstrated, taught, and spread by a group of ignorant, emotional women; its doctrines are a jumble of spiritualism, mesmerism, mysticism, metaphysics and 'clotted nonsense,' acceptable only to people of imperfect sanity endowed with an intelligence incapable of grasping the most elementary scientific facts." However, the sect flourishes—at any rate to the profit of its teacher—until the latter becomes entangled with an impostor of a bolder and coarser type, and incurs the fate of the earthen pot that swam in company with the brazen vessel. The humbug who nearly succeeds in deluding himself, and keeps just enough conscience to trouble him when he has made a blunder, is not essentially a new study; but its phases are many, and Mr. White has certainly succeeded in catching and impaling a decidedly interesting specimen of an always possible variety.

#### ABOUT BOER SPIES

One of the most interesting articles in *Blackwood* is No. VII. in the series of war sketches which have for some time been appearing, and in this there is a very graphic picture of an incident connected with Boer spies. According to the writer (who was on active



THE FLYING BRIDGE

service), in the early days of recruiting in Natal, several Dutch agents were enlisted.

They were paid by the Transvaal to enlist in British corps. When we got to Mool river, of these men was discovered—recognised as an ex-Pratorian detective. The corporal came to me and volunteered some advice. "You prove him a spy, Colonel, and then turn him over to us; you won't have any more spies after that. I had the suspect up. There was not a shadow of doubt about his identity, so I just said to the sergeant-major, 'This man is your property—the fair name of the corps is in your keeping; there's no room for donga over there.' I never saw the man again, nor did I ask what happened to him; but this I do know, that on the self-same evening five men came to me and asked to be allowed to resign. They came with faces as white as the coat of their mare over there. 'Yes,' I said as I looked at them, 'you may go. You leave for the good of all concerned, yourselves included.' And since that day I was never troubled by the enlisting of Dutch agents."

#### "THE WHITE WITCH OF MAYFAIR"

Mr. George Griffith's "White Witch of Mayfair" (F. V. White and Co.) is an interesting, at any rate exciting, adaptation of such fashionable games as palmistry, crystal-gazing, and so forth to the requirements of sensational fiction. Hypnotic influence, moreover, as an inspiration of Parliamentary eloquence, may be found practically suggestive as well as dramatically effective; and Mr. Griffith is unquestionably to be congratulated on his method with his villains. Out of a total of six, three are murdered by two; of these latter one is murdered by the other; and the survivor is murdered by the sixth, who commits suicide. Not that this exhausts the homicidal calendar, which by no means confines itself to villains for victims, only two of the principal characters being left alive when the curtain falls. The story, however, is by no means so crude as might thus be supposed. On the contrary, it is well constructed, brightly written, and has something to say—on the supposition that witchcraft is not so obsolete as old-fashioned people might suppose.

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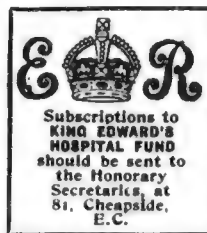
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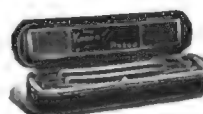
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## THE RESULTS OF A CYCLONE AT KARACHI

## "THE ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA" \*

Not one of the least interesting features of the new volumes of "The Encyclopedia Britannica," lies in the prefatory essay with which each volume opens. In the latest issue, CHI to ELD, this consists of a paper by Dr. Henry Smith Williams on the "Influence of Modern Research on the Scope of World History." It is a most luminous essay, which very succinctly sets forth the enormous advance made since Queen Victoria came to the throne in Egyptology and Assyriology. Very few are the people now who believe that the year 4004 B.C. saw the creation of the world, but perhaps equally few have any precise knowledge of the wonderful discoveries which have brought about this revolution in thought. Dr. Williams points out very clearly that while modern research has tended to confirm in the main the Biblical writers, it has also shown that these writers suffered from the same failings as modern historians—they were often strongly partisan, and they had little or no sense of perspective. The all-important story of the

\* The New Volumes of "The Encyclopedia Britannica." The third of the volumes, being Volume XXVII. of the complete work. (A. and C. Black and The Times.)

captivity in Egypt, for example, from the Egyptian point of view, was of such minor importance that one may search long and vainly for any reference to it. Among important papers in the volume itself there is a carefully written and thoroughly up-to-date article on the King, which even gives the details of his illness; the Bishop of Ripon, writing on the Christian Church, shows that Christianity in the nineteenth century has made marvellous progress; China is awarded a liberal amount of space, so much has happened in that quarter of the globe since the last edition; Sir Francis Jeune contributes an able article on "Divorce" in this and other countries, from which one gathers that however it may have been once, the Divorce Court is now as much frequented by the poor as the rich—in fact, rather more; Professor E. B. Poulton has an eloquent article on Darwin; the intricate question of copyright is dealt with by several authorities; Mr. Joseph Fennell writes on Cycling; Mr. Francis Llewellyn Griffiths deals with Egyptology in an excellent and well-illustrated article; Mr. William Archer gives a cautious résumé of what has been done in the dramatic world under the heading "Drama;" the eventful history of Cuba is brought well up to date by Mr. R. T. Hill, while two admirable papers on Biblical

Chronology, monopolising some twelve or thirteen pages, should be read in conjunction with the prefatory essay. Some five-and-twenty pages devoted to Dynamus and Dynamometers testify also to the immense advance in this department of science since the date of the ninth edition of the Encyclopedia. The new volume contains various illustrations, including specimens of the work of George Cruikshank, Degas, Sidney Cooper, and Du Maurier; maps, portraits, diagrams, and examples of Egyptian pottery, tablets, and scarabs.

## "A SPORTING TRIP THROUGH ABYSSINIA" \*

Mr. P. H. G. Powell-Cotton has written a very entertaining and, to sportsmen, one can imagine, a particularly interesting book on game-shooting in Abyssinia. Menelik's country is not, at present, particularly well known, and the author, without a single white companion, explored regions "which no European foot had trod for generations" and visited such an out-of-the-way place as the territory of Tombacca, chief of the Oderali, a personage whom, it is safe

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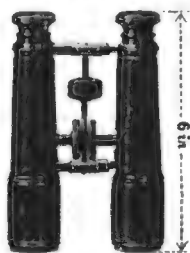


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**THE GYMNASTS.**—The accompanying illustration is not an uncommon feat for professional gymnasts, but is one of those performances which, although old, has not lost its interest. Few, perhaps, realise the rapidity with which the trapeze artiste swings from bar to bar, or from one comrade to another. All the more noteworthy, then, is such an illustration as that which is now reproduced from an original photograph several times larger. There is no great trouble in obtaining negatives of similar subjects on a small scale, but the difficulties are enormously increased when quarter-plates or larger sizes are used. Even the novice in photography knows the difficulty of obtaining satisfactory negatives when he is using the speed of anything over a hundredth of a second. The results are shadowy—mere ghosts of what they should be—and any rapidly moving objects, such, for instance, as the present performers, are represented by an indistinct blur extending across the plate. For such a fault there may be several reasons, but two causes of failure can here be given. The lens may be so slow that any fast exposure is impossible, and the shutter may also have the same defect. A good hand camera should have a lens such as the Goerz Double Anastigmat, which, at its full aperture, will even enable pictures to be taken in RAINY WEATHER. If such a lens is combined with a focal plane shutter, then the amateur can confi-



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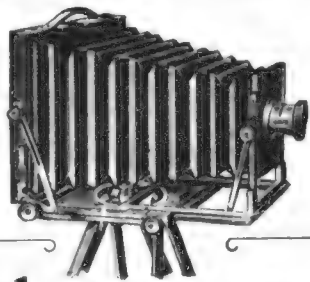
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to say, very few people will have heard of. The Oderali, however, are—

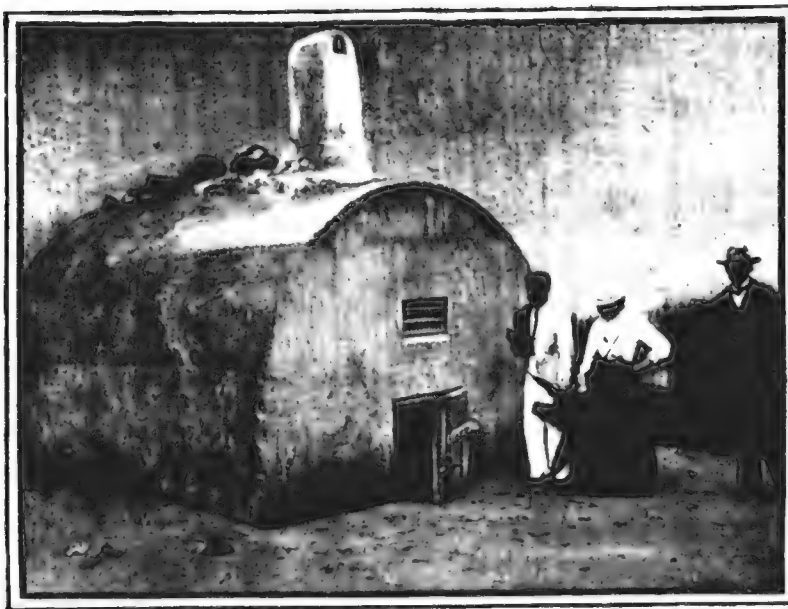
A powerful border tribe, and one so situated that even Menelik has thought it diplomatic to propitiate rather than attempt to crush them. He (Tombacca) had never even heard of Englishmen, and was full of questions as to where we came from, and whether France, Russia or Italy (the only three Powers he knew by name) ruled over us. He further asked: What did we want in his country, and what were we prepared to pay to pass through? The size of our caravan and the number of our men evidently impressed him with an idea of our wealth, and as he sat drinking coffee and impartially squirting tobacco juice all round him, it was clear that he was discussing with his followers the value of our goods, and for how much they thought we could be squeezed.

Mr. Powell-Cotton had a very agreeable interview with the Emperor Menelik, who readily granted all necessary permissions for shooting, and who impressed the travellers very favourably with his shrewdness, strength of character and geniality. For actual details and the sport enjoyed, readers must go to the book itself, which deals with a singularly interesting country. In conclusion, it may be said that the author's wanderings took him across Abyssinia from north to south, a journey occupying some eight and a half months, and covering no less than 1,500 miles. The book is well illustrated and contains useful appendices.

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"Social England." Illustrated Edition. Edited by H. D. Traill, D.C.L., and J. S. Mann, M.A. (Cassell and Co.)



The only living being who was found in St. Pierre after the disaster was a negro who had been imprisoned in this dungeon. When found three days after the eruption he was in a dazed condition, but soon recovered sufficiently to ask for a cigarette! Our illustration is from a photograph by Everard Fadelte, Dominica.

CELL IN WHICH THE SOLE SURVIVOR OF THE ST. PIERRE ERUPTION WAS FOUND

edited by the late H. D. Traill. The present Editor, Mr. J. S. Mann, has done much to elucidate the text and render the whole work far more valuable to the general reader by the excellent judgment with which he has chosen the subjects for illustration. The period treated of in this volume ranges from the accession of Edward I to the death of Henry VII., and illustrations have been drawn from such authentic sources as miniatures from manuscripts, marginal drawings from the great psalters, monumental brasses, pictures from romances and treatises on social and historical subjects, together with contemporary English MS.—these being supplemented by photographs of such ancient buildings and monuments as now exist. Altogether the volume is an admirable encyclopedia of English arts, manners and customs in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.

The Summer Holiday Number of the *Fishing Gazette* will be exceedingly welcome to the holiday angler. There are many illustrated articles on favourite piscatorial resorts, and amongst them an excellent description of "Windermere and its Trout and Char Fishing," by the Editor, Mr. R. B. Marston—while there is an interesting supplement, "Royal Anglers," in which King Edward when Prince of Wales is represented playing a salmon, and the present Prince of Wales is depicted salmon-fishing on the Dee. There are also portraits of Queen Alexandra and Princess Victoria equipped for a fishing excursion.

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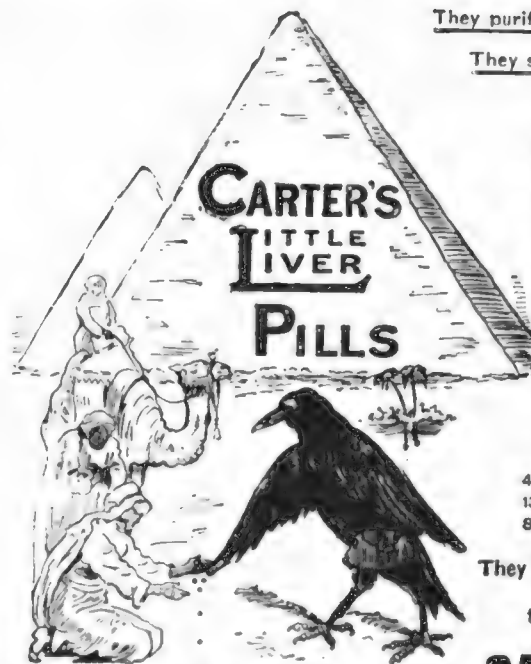
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## Rural Notes

## THE SEASON

THE blooming period of the wheat has been marked by excellent weather, the temperature being up to the night average and above the mean by day, and there has been but little wind. The latter is a matter of some moment, for in a still air fertilisation goes on best, and after a windy flowering season the ears of wheat are very defective in the side which has been exposed to the gale. The actual details of this critical period are still in some dispute, but it is now held that, after all, dry weather is even more important than still weather, though in the last century the statement was generally put precisely the other way. It may be that a driving wind in summer is usually from a damp quarter, and driving the damp on to the feathery stigmas causes them to rot. This explanation would unite botanical and farmers' observations. The wheat plant does well in our variable climate, mainly because the pollen dust retains its fertilising properties for eight or nine days. Thus the very variability of the climate gives it a chance. None the less, the occurrence of a nine-day run of chilly, damp and gusty weather early in July would, in an ordinary year, give us a wheat famine. Even in 1879 this was not quite the case, but some of the ancient reports, commonly held to be exaggerated, are far from being impossible. Such a spell in July might even explain a "mysterious" year like 1293, when wheat was a failure and rose to 10s. 6d. (about

5l. per quarter of our money), yet the summer was very hot as a whole. The great dearth in Ireland in 1294, when wheat rose to 30s. (15l. present money) for a short period, was traced to a wet July, and if the temperature was below 63 degrees the wheat would not have fertilised. The rye and winter oats are whitening to harvest, and some early fields will be cut before July is out. Barley has improved very markedly of late, and spring-sown oats are regarded as decidedly above an average expectation.

## THE CLOSE OF THE HAYMAKING

The hay crop exceeds expectation, not only of clover, sainfoin, and trifolium, but also of the permanent grasses. Farmers who let each field bear its own stack, big or little, are surprised at the bulk of this year's stacks. The dressing of the new stacks is now in progress, props taken away, and the sides carefully hand-pulled. It is important to pull the base of the stack as firmly as may be. Hay after cutting may well be left a day or two in swathe, then be turned with a fork so as to expose the thick part of the swathe to the sun. If the turning process be adopted every third day the hay may remain out a good long time without injury, but unturned hay should be brought into the hay-barn or made up into stack not later than the fourth day. In America the current advice is "rather put up hay green than over-dried," but this applies to a hotter, fiercer climate than the English, and Milton has warned us sufficiently against "windy and damp stuff." With respect to clover

the exact time for stacking is judged by the clover breaking on being twisted, but with regard to meadow hay the scent is the best test. This never deceives the true countryman.

## PLANTATIONS

It is interesting to learn that the climate of Egypt is changing under the influence of irrigation; but though the latter is ultimate it is not the proximate cause, which is the increased plantations of palms, acacias and even planes which the irrigation extension works now allow. In America the wholesale destruction of forests has almost ruined the climate of large areas in Wyoming, Montana, Utah and Dakota, while in parts of Scotland "bleak and barren wilds have been," as the late Mr. Mackenzie of Muir wrote, "reclaimed by plantations, so that they spread beauty and freshness round the scene." What the United Kingdom requires is a systematic reforestation of the bare parts and the subordination of timber control to the Ministry of Agriculture. The Government in poor regions, the County Council in prosperous shires, might well have power to buy bare land when it comes into the market, and to plant such land with trees appropriate to soil and locality. Not only would this improve the local climate and benefit the agricultural interest, but it would pay six to eight per cent. on money borrowed at three per cent. only. The State can afford to wait till the trees grow into timber, which is just what few private persons can do.



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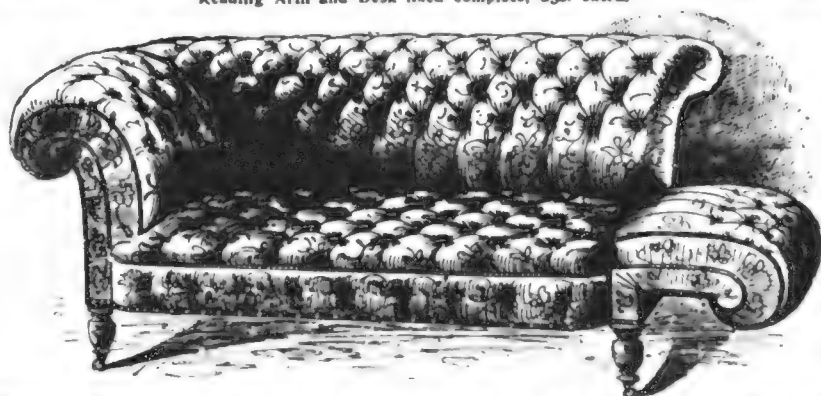
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